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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Talks on Criticism

I

IT was too much to expect that literary criticism would escape from the increasing complexity of civilization. Like religion, like politics, like human behavior, it is meshed in machines, entangled with democracy, regimented by science, exploited by journalism. Once practised as an art by connoisseurs, and as pure logic by intellectuals, it has been handed down, like theology, to the crowd, and, like theology again, it has lost its principles while keeping its discords. Even the word criticism has become as worn and as empty as an old tire in a ditch. It fits anything and everything and means whatever is put into it. No two talkers ever mean the same thing when they discuss criticism, and writers are little better. Mr. Chesterton thinks of criticism as a search for God in literature, Mr. Woollcott and Mr. Heywood Broun test a play by its effect on their own experienced emotions, Mr. I. A. Richards puts a book into a psychologist's laboratory, Professor Phelps regards it as a source for enthusiasms. Sometimes literature is praised for being witty itself and sometimes it becomes merely a cause of wittiness in others. Wherever you find a critic, a typewriter, a pile of books, and a vocabulary, there is sure to be another, but by no means a new, idea of criticism.

There is no use discussing literary criticism and how to use it, no matter how informal the approach, unless we can put back some meaning into the stretched and empty word. As long as the journalists bawl at the scholars, you may be critics but you don't know literature, while the scholars sneer back, you may be literary but you are certainly not critics, we get chiefly noise.

Begin, then, not with the nature of true criticism, as all theorists love to do, but with confusion itself, the muddle sure to result when many purposes are called by one name.

* * *

For literary criticism is no longer a single purpose, it is a kind of writing, a mode of expression, a *genre* like the novel. And it is looser and wider even than the novel which has now become another stretched term that covers anything from a fairy tale retold for Broadway to a sociological treatise lumbering heavily over awkward rollers of narrative. In the novel such discrepant achievements as Dreiser's "American Tragedy," Virginia Woolf's acrobatics on a sixpence, and the popular tale of crime represent widely different purposes, all using narrative, but only as a means. And so it is with criticism. The critic may be seeking truth, or he may be trying to give the public what it wants. (The public does not often want truth, but then neither does the critic.) Between these extremes there is a wide range of useful compromise and special purpose, and at either end is the very considerable difficulty of determining which of many ways of seeking truth will yield it and the equally difficult problem of knowing what the public does want before it has ceased wanting it. Arranged in this order, viewed as a method of expression used as one pleases, criticism has a very different aspect from that familiar in the text books.

Draw a curve of interest to represent the various critical attitudes. At one end of this curve the critic, usually a scholar, an esthete, or a scientist, is obsessed by the qualities of literature itself. He wants to know (as Professor Lowes does, for instance) the sources of the creative imagination, he wishes to analyze the factors of beauty, he desires to interpret the purposes of the author, conscious or unconscious, he must find some absolute of excel-

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What Do You Want of Me, Moon?

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

OVER my roof the full moon rides
Tugging at the earth's great sides.
Piling the tides in a silver heap
She looks at me. I cannot sleep.

She peered in over my window sill;
I dreamt of climbing up a hill
That looked on sights no man must see;
I woke, and found her face on me.

What do you want of me, Moon, that you
Tug so at my heart and thew?—
I know you a liar, a sainted cheat
Old lovers fancied cool and sweet.

I know your chastity is a lie;
Your great and curious steady eye
Pries into every lane that covers
From all but you the limb-locked lovers.

I know the maid who trusts in you
Creeps home again to sit and rue.
I know the satyr from you was born
And has from you his urgent horn.

Dogs that are the friends of man
Bark as hard as ever they can
When they see you riding high,
Unholy huntress of the sky!

I know that madmen are your friends.
I know that all the earth's dim ends
Are gathered in your hands like reins,
Dim desires and moth-like pains.

Are you the queen of life indeed
Who fills man's flesh and bids him breed?
Have you the crystal key to keep
That you eye me so I cannot sleep?

This Week

"The Shaping of English Literature." Reviewed by *Emery Neff.*
The Play of the Week. Reviewed by *Oliver M. Sayler.*
"Navigator: The Story of Nathaniel Bowditch." Reviewed by *Captain David Bone.*
"O, Rare Ben Jonson!" Reviewed by *Gordon Hall Gerould.*
"The Tapestry." Reviewed by *Johan J. Smertenko.*
"A Greater Than Napoleon: Scipio Africanus." Reviewed by *Maryat Dobie.*
In Geneva. By *Christopher Morley.*
Rare and Fine Books. By *Carl P. Rollins* and *George P. Winship.*

Next Week, or Later

"Frontier Ballads." Reviewed by *Carl Sandburg.*
Walter de la Mare. By *Frank V. Morley.*

"Stream of Consciousness"

By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

I DO not know whence the phrase came, nor does it matter, since it has become familiar to us all within the last decade. The stream-of-consciousness novelist is the one who attempts to portray life and character by setting down everything that goes on in his hero's mind; notably all those unimportant and chaotic thought-sequences which occupy our idle or somnolent moments, and to which, in real life, we pay, ourselves, little attention. One of the starkest records of the sort is to be found in the last forty (unpunctuated) pages of James Joyce's "Ulysses," which give you the slackening processes of a woman's cerebration after she has gone to bed and before she finally goes to sleep.

James Joyce, I need hardly say, did not invent the use of the stream of consciousness in fiction. Dorothy Richardson, if I mistake not, had done some volumes before "Ulysses" began its subway career. Before Dorothy Richardson was Conrad; and before Conrad was Henry James. Henry James, rather than anyone else, may be said to have introduced the method in English fiction. It is only fair to cite the authors who have used it wisely, as well as those who have used it foolishly.

That Henry James began the stream-of-consciousness method in English fiction is proved, I think, by the very basis of the old worship of his prose. Those of us who adored Henry James in the days when such adoration existed, adored him chiefly because he seemed to us to be the only person who had ever recorded the things that go on in the mind *exactly as they go on in the mind.* Only for that reason could anyone adore the later work—"The Spoils of Poynton," let us say, down to and including "The Golden Bowl." The people who really loved Conrad—by which I mean the people who loved him early, before the critics had told them to—were usually "Jacobites," people who already adored James. Conrad applied the Jamesean method to exotic new material; and that made a very enticing combination. They were different, the two of them, from all their contemporaries, in that they used mental rhythms instead of rhetorical ones—especially Henry James, who, indeed, became so intent on the accuracy of his mental rhythms that he neglected rhetoric entirely, forsaking the forum for the laboratory. That is the whole secret of his "later manner," and his *débâcle*—for rhetoric is merely the art of communicating ideas to an audience, and while no man is rhetorical in solitude, every man is rhetorical as soon as he is with some one else. In "The Finer Grain" and "The Ivory Tower," James adopted even the syntax of solitary reflection; the stumbling, elliptical, parenthetical, almost unparsable complex of our thoughts. No one, of course, could read them. The Master had gone too far into the jungle. But if you really want "stream of consciousness," there it is.

Conrad presented a slightly different problem to the reader. Henry James was a great novelist; and even at the end he was the ghost of a great novelist. He never forgot, wholly, his architectonics. Conrad, I take it, thought he was a great writer, was not habitually a great novelist; and we all remember, we Conradians, how we struggled with his inconvenient structure in "Lord Jim," in "Nostromo," in "The Rescue," as well as in "Almayer's Folly," and "An Outcast of the Islands." I sometimes wonder if these folk who are so glib about Conrad have ever read those longer and more chaotic works, which oblige the devotee to be architect as well as reader, detective as well as lover. Conrad, however,

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grew more lucid, more dramatic, as he went on writing; and "Victory" is a great novel. He became constantly more rhetorical, as James became constantly less so. In the end, Conrad faced his audience, whereas James eventually turned his back upon it. The stream of consciousness does not dominate "Victory."

What these two masters, who cultivated mental rhythms, mind-content, the continuous, involved, and delicate processes of reflection, never forgot, was that the stream of consciousness can be valuable in fiction only if it is dramatic in effect. The things we naturally think, as we sit with folded hands or take a country walk, are interesting to no one unless they bear fruit in action. You can create drama, sitting in your easy-chair, only if you formulate an attitude, make a decision, adopt some opinion which is going to influence your behavior and therefore other people's. The mere series of images that passes through your mind as you idly let the law of association work is apt to be quite unimportant, quite uncreative of incident or attitude, even for you. These modern heroes who stand on street corners noting stray dogs, old women, garbage tins, flying newspapers, women's hats, and men's shoes—and taking several pages to it—give us nothing, either of themselves or of drama. Even the content of the hero's mind is not so instructive, illuminating, as the authors think; and we often get chapters which record that content exhaustively, yet leave us quite in the dark as to the hero's character. Much of his reflection on street corners is mere sequence of associations, more or less duplicated by all of us when we stand on street corners. There is likely to be nothing distinguishing or individual in those sequences, and the man does not stand revealed. James and Conrad used the stream of consciousness to determine attitudes: the character's real feeling about the world, his real feeling about the people he was involved with, his gradual determination to do thus and so, rather than otherwise. The stream of consciousness, as employed by them, took you somewhere. The plot progressed while the hero was reflecting. Even in their fullest and most meticulous records, they practised selection, introduced stress and proportion. Details, even the smallest, had their place in a pattern; and all that "consciousness" was made dramatically valuable. For they knew that much of our reflection goes into the discard, is forgotten by ourselves, has no smallest effect on any part of our lives that counts; and that reflection of this sort is not the novelist's business. Nothing is the novelist's business that does not either illumine a character or help on the action. If we are made to live through a significant mood, well and good; but it cannot have escaped the average reader that many of the moods we are asked to live through at such length are not significant, and that when we have finished our patient perusal, no new figure has been added to our portrait gallery, no new situation to our vicarious experience of life.

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Why do gifted writers go in for the stream of consciousness, one often wonders. Partly, no doubt, because it is the fictional fashion of the moment, and it amuses them to try it. For that reason and no other, surely, could Joseph Hergesheimer forsake the manner of "Java Head" or that of "Balisand" for the manner of "Tampico." In "Balisand" he uses the method as it should be used, to give us a veritable character and the whole inner drama of a life—as Conrad does in "The End of the Tether," or Henry James in "In the Cage." In "Tampico," we fall into the modern welter. For this famous "stream" is not precisely a stream, and has no epic quality. We start at no source and follow to no destination. It is a disturbance, not a flow; its sequences are so tiny and repetitious that it seems static rather than progressive—an eddy in a pool rather than a stream. However, we will keep the famous phrase.

Part of the reason, doubtless, for this popularity among minor authors is the extreme ease of it. Any clever sophomore can do it. His phrases may be less polished or less striking than some of Mr. Anderson's or Mrs. Woolf's or Mr. Hemingway's, but he achieves, in creation of character or of drama, precisely as much as they do. You can do it, I can do it, anyone with a vocabulary and a fountain pen can do it. It is construction, narrative flow, selection, massing, the vivid conceiving of human figures and human fates, that are hard. Asterisks, and loose images, and no syntax, are easy. Telling a story and creating characters are not easy—they never were.

It is not the fashion in *The Saturday Review* to call Sherwood Anderson a minor author; and, indeed, the "intellectuals" in general might take me to task for including him in that group. I do not know just who the intellectuals are, or why; I can neither infallibly name them, nor expound their theories with certitude. I know only that they exist and are articulate, and I take it that it is the intellectuals—or certain bands of them—who praise James Joyce, Sherwood Anderson, Dorothy Richardson, Virginia Woolf, Ernest Hemingway, James Branch Cabell, and—for all I know—Theodore Dreiser. In any case, enough of the intellectuals have praised one or more of these authors to create for them a certain reputation, and, owing to the suggestibility of the wistful public, a measure of almost popular success. Certainly the public would never have taken to "stream of consciousness" if it had not been told that it must; for the stream of consciousness, even in the hands of masters like James and Conrad, was by its nature unpopular; and the dulness of books like "Dark Laughter" and "Mrs. Dalloway" would almost make the comic strips seem amusing. "Balisand," as I said before, made due use of the method—and I fancy "Balisand" has been less widely read than "Cytherea," or even "Tampico," wherein Mr. Hergesheimer let the method run away with him. There must be another reason for the popularity or pseudo-popularity of the stream-of-consciousness authors, for public taste has proved, over and over, inappreciative of the method as such, even when it is cannily employed.

Minor writers, it has just been said, "do" the stream of consciousness partly because it is fashionable at the moment—that, it owes to the critics—and partly because it is easy. It is easy, not simply because it ignores all the problems of art, but because it offers peculiar opportunity for exploiting two universal human tastes—the taste for sentiment and the taste for salacity. "Sex and sqush" is how one critic summed up "Dark Laughter" in my hearing. Sex and sqush (impossible to spell, but easily pronounced), properly proportioned, will make a best-seller any day, and do make most best-sellers. The proportions vary with the authors, and the sales vary with the proportions. In the half-million sales, sentiment usually predominates over sex; in the hundred-thousand sales, there is apt to be more sex than sqush.

* * *

How easily sentiment can be made to dominate the stream of consciousness is plain to see. Heroes and heroines have only to let themselves drift—for they do not have, according to this method, to be active or effectual or dramatic. They can sit and cerebrate, tenderly, diffusely, vaguely, for whole pages, nay, whole chapters. Sex enters with almost more insidious ease. The American public, like any other public one has ever heard of, has a predilection—not an unmeasured, or an unnatural, or a dangerous, but a merely average, predilection—for salacity. But the English-speaking peoples do not like their pornography straight, they do not even like it frank—they find that disgusting. On the whole, in spite of much that is nowadays preached, the fact is probably creditable to us, for reasons which it would be beside the point to state, here and now. We like our sex heavily mantled in sentiment, and that is the way our most popular authors give it to us. The Harold Bell Wrights and Zane Greys, etc., know also that to sell to news stands and trains, in the basements of department stores as well as in the basements of little book shoppes, they must have action. Accordingly, they furnish it; and the fact that they actually plot their novels, however, unplausibly, is to their credit. The stream-of-consciousness writers leave action out, along with other troublesome things. Not that their characters never act; rather, they act spasmodically and unconvincingly and their deeds seem to be committed by mistake in the middle of a dream. The stress is on the turbid course of cerebration, the ebb and flow of the perturbed mind.

Now it is easier for an author to make a character dare all things in his intention or his memory than to make him dare all things in fact; and even the most morbid writers sometimes jib at the *flagrant délit*. The desire is usually more detailed than the accomplishment. Two birds are killed with that stone: it is easier to dwell on thoughts than on deeds; and the susceptibilities of their public are saved. The majority of readers still prefer unclean thought to unclean action, and would rather go on imputing the sin to each frustrate ghost than to be confronted with the physical detail of an achieved infidelity. They get their aphrodisiac—if that is what they want—in what seems to them (God knows why) more delicate form. Particularly when the character wraps his lustful reflections in sentimental verbiage and intimations of universal sorrow. "The tears of things" are also sure-fire. The American public, indeed, can do without sex if it must, but cannot do without sentiment; and occasionally a novel owes its tremendous success to sentiment alone. Such novels, however, are seldom of the "stream-of-consciousness" type.

The intellectuals (that vague but potent crew) would have us believe that they care especially for style; and indeed they sometimes praise a book which, whether or not it has style, certainly has nothing else. I name no names, for, in my humble way, I, too, care about style, and I seldom agree with the intellectuals about contemporary fiction. If the critics can get the public to read any given book for the sake of style, more power to their elbows, even if the style seems to oneself pretty poor. None of the contemporary stream-of-consciousness novelists so far as I have read them, seem to me to have achieved stylistic distinction. It is not enough to be startling, or to be precious. The only legitimate "shock" in the field of prose is the shock of unexpected truth. An unexpected falsity is not the same. To be successfully precious, on the other hand, one needs more solid learning back of one than any of these authors possesses. Nothing is more distressing than inaccurate preciosity, of which we have a good deal just now. Beauty is not, apparently, the concern of any of them—as it was, perpetually, the concern of Conrad and of James.

* * *

It is inevitable that one should wonder how much the psychology of Freud and Jung has contributed to the general delusion that unselective "stream of consciousness" is literature. A good deal, in all probability. The authors themselves are usually tyros in scientific psychology, and the readers always are. It is not what the average man has learned from Freud and Jung—for he has never, directly, learned anything—but what he thinks he has learned from them that counts, in this matter. Few readers or writers of novels have escaped a hazy sense that, according to the best authorities, repressions are damaging to mental health, and that reflections and impulses which we used to think unimportant may be the most important of all. In fact, that the unfulfilled impulse is, if anything, more revealing, more significant, than the one which is merely acted upon and, you may say, disposed of. The prevalence of such a conviction is bound to result in a redistribution of fictional values, and the complete rewriting of moral tales. Confusion and shamelessness become, respectively, virtues. Either to arrange or to omit might be equivalent to lying to your physician. And it cannot have escaped the novel-reader that his rôle has latterly been reversed. Once he was in the hands of the author, who proceeded to act upon his imagination, mind, and nerves—the author, in other words, was the creator, and the reader was passive. Now, the reader must do the creating, if any is done; he seems to be the psychiatrist to whom the unfortunate writer is telling everything he knows, in the hope that the welter will mean something to the listening specialist. The author is apparently the patient.

How, on that basis, should style matter, or how can style be looked for when form is ignored? Diction itself cannot bloom irrelevantly outside all context and pattern; back of the briefest phrase there must be an idea larger than the phrase itself. Where there is no general conception there can be no relevance. Heaven knows, in most of this fiction, there is no relevance—to anything. When nothing is forbidden and nothing is demanded, there can be no form. And again, heaven knows, in most stream-of-consciousness fiction, there is none.

One little test of style is very simply applied: memorability. The stream-of-consciousness novelists are notably unmemorable. The devotees of Dorothy Richardson, Sherwood Anderson, Virginia Woolf, the latest Joseph Hergesheimer, the latest Willa Cather, and all the others, never quote, never even cite. They cannot. All they remember is a tone, a mood—and even the tone, the mood, they can only with great difficulty qualify. It is less

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difficult perhaps with Mr. Anderson than with some of the others, because he occasionally permits himself to record a case of conduct too nauseous to be easily forgotten—like some of the more perverse murders in the daily press. When an admirer praises a writer's prose, yet cannot define, even to the extent of one clear adjective, the nature of that prose, one suspects both praise and prose.

"In Henry James's 'The Awkward Age'," an undergraduate once wrote, "there is so little action that the characters hardly rise from their chairs." Quite so. Yet even in "The Awkward Age" characters were revealed, lives were made and broken, by the cerebration that was recorded, the talk that was set down. A profound social conflict was described for the reader. Nanda, Vanderbank, little Aggie, Mitchy—in spite of the James idiom, already breaking down—were, and are, real. It all happened; and one can still shudder at Mrs. Brookenham's mastery in the rôle of destroying angel. "Let us then also," said Henry James concerning Balzac, "if we see him, in the sacred grove, as our towering idol, see him as gilded thick with so much gold—plated and burnished and bright, in the manner of towering idols. It is for the lighter and looser and poorer among us to be gilded thin!" James would have reserved a peculiar horror, one fancies, for the writers who have reduced his method to absurdity, and replaced his tender precisions with a verbal slush that is sometimes disgusting and always dull. He would not, one is sure, have wanted them—so light and loose and poor—to be gilded at all.

A Great Literature

THE SHAPING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By AMY CRUSE. New York: Thomas J. Crowell Company. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by EMERY NEFF

MISLED by the common language, the usual American teacher of English literature conducts himself as if the British and the American civilizations were one. But England is almost as removed as France or Germany from the experience of the average dweller in the United States today. He has never smelled a London fog, seen a wild primrose, heard a nightingale, eaten marrow. Yet of such humble materials English literature is made. The French teacher in the United States presupposes an almost total ignorance of French geography, social customs, racial psychology. When much the same point of view is adopted toward England, we shall become really familiar with its literature.

In her "Shaping of English Literature," Mrs. Cruse has performed essentially this function. Her book contains the necessary social background too often accessible only to the specialist: a recipe from a fifteenth century cook-book for meat pies, Lanfranc's regulations concerning the distribution of books among monks, a letter of Dr. Arbuthnot to the Earl of Oxford about "Gulliver's Travels," Fanny Burney's description of David Garrick's acting in "Lear." With rare historical imagination she recreates the fascination contemporaries felt in Coffee Houses and the Newspapers, A Miracle Play at Chester, The Circulating Library, A Sermon at Paul's Cross; to quote chapter headings at random. She shows the growth of English literature in response to its audience; to a reading public varying greatly in different periods. Her history comes logically to its close at the end of the eighteenth century, when literature, once chiefly for the aristocrat and the adult male, has passed to the middle class and to women, and is finally universalizing its appeal by including children and the proletariat. Pages from books of different centuries and for different classes of readers give graphic illustration of this social and literary evolution. To those who made their first acquaintance with British literary history through the usual textbook of dry facts and slippery, unrelated dates, a first reading of "The Shaping of English Literature" will probably result in a fervid desire to be intellectually born again. No such school books existed then; few appear now. The author is clear without condescension, vividly dramatic without sinning against scholarship. With such a book the student in secondary school or college should learn, without knowing he is learning, the development of a great literature, presented with an engaging art which temporarily makes everything but the pages before him a matter of indifference. The mature reader in almost equal measure will derive delight.

The Play of the Week

By OLIVER M. SAYLER

THE HOUSE OF WOMEN. By LOUIS BROMFIELD. A Dramatization of His Novel, "The Green Bay Tree." Produced by ARTHUR HOPKINS at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, October 3, 1927.

Reviewed from Performance and Manuscript

THROUGH the example of Somerset Maugham's "The Letter," we observed last week how the rigid time limits of the contemporary theatre dilute and diffuse the inherent value of a dramatic theme when a compact, intense short story is expanded to cover the two to two and a half hours which theatrical custom prescribes for the length of a play today. The reverse of this situation—what happens when the diverse, populous, and expansive material of a novel is squeezed into this arbitrary temporal pattern—is presented in "The House of Women," Louis Bromfield's dramatization of his own story, "The Green Bay Tree."

In general, the process of compression is less disastrous than that of expansion. It *can* be less disastrous. The dramatist here has a wider choice of procedure. Skilful selection may even improve in some respects on the original narrative form, heightening and tightening incident and character. Loss is inevitable, but if the work is done by one who knows the idioms and expedients of the theatre, the loss will consist chiefly in those digressions, ramifications, and nuances which are the especial privilege of the narrative form.

"The House of Women" illustrates the first of the two main courses open to anyone who dramatizes a novel: drastic structural and thematic simplification, or the representation of the novel's entire sweep by selection of significant incidents, the high lights of the plot. The latter is the course more frequently pursued, perhaps because it is the easier. Instances the past season were "An American Tragedy" and "The Constant Nymph." Dreiser's story, particularly, gained in concentrated power in Patrick Kearney's stage version, while losing, of course, in psychological insight and lyric veracity; but it is not certain that thorough-going simplification would not have achieved even more potent results than flashlight illustration. The type of story that yields most happily to the latter treatment is the turbulent, episodic novel leaning in its style toward expressionism. Such treatment, however, leaves the spectator in the theatre almost invariably dependent on the novel for personal background and connecting links in the plot.

Pegasus in the Hands of the Publishers

It is the more difficult, more courageous and, when expertly managed, the more satisfactory course which Bromfield has adopted. The result is that "The House of Women" departs radically from the framework of "The Green Bay Tree." The play stands independent of the novel. At times, the divergence is so sharp that acquaintance with the novel will only confuse the playgoer if he carries it too faithfully, too deferentially, into the theatre. Instead of visualizing "The Green Bay Tree," the play uses the novel simply as a stimulus, the germ of its idea, the source of its leading characters.

Concretely, "The House of Women" utilizes only the first half of the novel, completely ignoring everything that occurs after the death of the sinister old chatelaine of Shane's Castle. Concentration in space is effected by limiting the action to the austere and sombre drawing room of the "castle;" concentration in time, by enacting the essential tragedy among these three women—Julia Shane and her incompatible daughters, Lily and Irene—in the span of three years and three months instead of spreading it over three decades; concentration in interest, by focusing our attention on the family triangle and those subsidiary figures who impinge on it as a whole. These secondary characters are altered at will or even substituted by others to promote the playwright's ends. Where the novel ultimately became preponderantly a study of Lily Shane, the play is content to remain a family portrait of a house divided against itself.

For further concentration of effect, the author presents this family portrait directly to his audience, through the media of actor, producer, and scene designer, with a stringent economy of interpretive strokes on his own part. The word in Bromfield's manuscript is the dramatic word; the word intended to be spoken by actors who will illuminate it, complete it, by tone of voice, by gesture, by the mystically individual presence of human personality, and with the aid of the visual and auditory agents of lighting, setting, and off-stage sounds. This, to be sure, imposes a heavy burden of responsibility on the actor as well as on producer and designer. But it is a burden any worker in the theatre worth his salt will welcome. "The House of Women" was a challenge to Arthur Hopkins, to his players, from Elsie Ferguson, Nance O'Neil, and Helen Freeman down to the least member of the cast, and to Robert Edmond Jones, who has wrought a *milieu* aloof and symbolic and yet realistic, pregnant with life that has been lived and that goes on living in it.

Anyone who has followed Louis Bromfield's quartet of novels should have realized that sooner or later he would knock at the theatre's door and find himself at home. Their pages bristle with fundamentally dramatic incidents. I have no patience with those who admit that he is a born novelist but patronizingly hope that he will learn to be a playwright. To me, the fact that he ignores the traditional trickery of the theatre, that he plunges directly to the dramatic moment by aid of the dramatic word, that he has the courage of Æschylus to write a single speech nine minutes long, is proof that he is already a skilled dramatist. Let me cite only two instances of unerring dramatic instinct in "The House of Women." In the novel, Hattie Tolliver, old Julia Shane's niece, is a wife and mother of three. To let her remain so in the play would be contrifugal to the theme. Hence Bromfield makes her a frustrated old maid, appalled at but scarcely envious of Lily's freedom. He is even more overt and more justified in his transformation of the Russian mill-hand, Krylenko, into the truant priest and social worker, Arthur Morven, for he realizes that an exotic character like Krylenko, manageable in a novel, would prove intractable and tangential on the stage.

Apart from its intrinsic merit and its evidence of the accession of a new talent in our native drama, "The House of Women" is a timely apologist for the dramatized novel, long scorned as a stepchild of dramatic literature. In the presence of crude and clumsy examples, and irritated by the wholesale and indiscriminate transposition of the substance of one art form into that of another under the voracious appetite of the motion picture, we tend to forget the venerable past of the dramatized novel, when Shakespeare himself drew freely from the works of Bandello, Boccaccio, and Cinthio for the plots of "Romeo and Juliet," "Much Ado About Nothing," "All's Well That Ends Well," "Othello," and "Measure for Measure." The dramatized novel can be a work of art if an artist does the dramatizing!

George Bernard Shaw, who has been deluged with play manuscripts by ambitious authors, has announced that he returns all of these unread with a characteristic rejection slip. Advising a beginner first of all never to send his play to anybody but a theatrical manager, Mr. Shaw warns that if plays submitted to other authors are any good, "every born playwright who reads them will assimilate parts and use them himself, consciously or unconsciously."

(*Mr. Sayler will review Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy" next week.*)

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Old Salem Argonauts

NAVIGATOR: The Story of Nathaniel Bowditch of Salem. By ALFRED STANFORD. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by CAPT. DAVID W. BONE

THE name of Nathaniel Bowditch, LL.D., is an honored one on all the seas. His monument stands in "The American Practical Navigator," a most complete and eminently practical "Epitome of Navigation and Nautical Astronomy" that is almost as much a part of the careful seaman's furniture as the chronometer and the sextant. Mr. Alfred Stanford, in "Navigator," endeavors to present in fictional form a picture of the man, a study of his great idea, and a reconstruction of the atmosphere in which "The American Practical Navigator" was evolved and so well completed.

Old Salem of the 1770's, nursery of fine seamen and home port of merchant venturers, is the scene of the Navigator's labors. The childhood, boyhood, and early manhood of Bowditch are drawn at length by Mr. Stanford, and we should be grateful for that, as the best of the book is the picture of old Salem. The curious introspective Nat joining the naturals in a quest of "leopards;" shipowner Elias Darby pacing his lookout and counting fortune from the sighting of topsails on the sea rim; old Habakuk tossing his pot of Medford rum (they must have been men of strong heads in those days. A pot of rum!) and drawing golden dreams of mermaids—and exquisite fan-lights—from the draught; Ben Crowinshield intrigued by the flutter of a maiden's skirts; mother Mary in her dolors, death at the threshold and one unborn a-stirring; Nathaniel's longing recognition of one stable factor in a world a-reeling; figures, figures, the nimble ciphers "that do not change." This part is well done.

It is a thousand pities that Mr. Stanford did not show his MSS to a modern navigator. He (the modern navigator) would, at once, have interested himself in the script. He would have pointed out that Mr. Stanford makes futile efforts to separate two things that make a voyage from one port to another possible, the two things that are inseparable in any endeavor that begins with the heaving up of an anchor, Navigation and Seamanship. They cannot be separated, as Mr. Stanford in his naive assurance asserts they can. The one is the complement of the other. Navigation is but the establishment of a position already assured by the equally important art of seamanship.

The great idea of Nathaniel Bowditch is quite simple of understanding. The author of "Navigator" has enshrouded it in a fog of words so intricate and involved that this reviewer—who has some little acquaintance with navigation—has difficulty in finding a course to steer. It is strange that, throughout the book, no mention is made of Napier's logarithms. Bowditch's whole effort was to make navigation simple to the rude seamen of the time, in brief, to reduce the scientific formulæ used in solution of a spherical triangle to the commonly understood simplicities of addition and subtraction. In 1614 Baron Napier of Merchiston invented logarithms, by the use of which this simplification was made possible. Briggs, Bowditch, Raper, Inman, Sumner, and a host of moderns have compiled tables based upon Napier's system of computation. The rude hand upon the tiller, the clear eye—weather-wise and sea-kindly—is competent to extract the elements from the Tables and establish a reasonably accurate position in lone seas. They do so at this day. But Mr. Stanford is not content to abide by the facts. He presents Nathaniel Bowditch as an iconoclast who sat in the cabin of the *Putnam*, sipping sherry and cracking biscuits, while the gallant ship, falling to his whims, glides smoothly alongside the Darby wharf at Salem.

The theme of the book is so good (I salute "The American Practical Navigator" standing beside Lecky and Blackburne on my shelves) and its presentation of the Salem atmosphere so well done, that I have qualms in offering a sailor's view of "Navigator" to the reading public. But the sea (like Nat's figures) does not change; incalculable disaster follows upon false premises. Mr. Stanford has the crew of the *Astrea*, even the "Guinea cook," working at the method of Lunar Observation. The Lunar Observation (for longitude and correction of chronometers) was a test problem when I presented myself for the Honors examination as a shipmaster in 1900. It is almost an obsolete calculation now but I can recall that it needed very accurate compilation. A "Guinea cook." Whew! Romance— with wings a-spread! But I said, in an earlier paragraph, that "Navigator" was presented in fictional form.

Ben Jonson in His Habit

O RARE BEN JONSON! By BYRON STEEL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by GORDON HALL GEROULD

IN this book Mr. Steel has attempted to do with Ben Jonson what Maurois did with Shelley. Of his industry there can be no question. He has evidently read everything necessary about Jonson and his contemporaries, including histories of the politics and literature of the period. He has also attended lectures, as he almost superfluously informs us. From various sources he has collected plenty of material for a novel, and he has woven it together in a praiseworthy attempt to picture Ben Jonson as he was.

Unfortunately he has made a dull book. "The Jonson Allusion Book," which he has found useful, is far better reading, and most doctoral dissertations are less pedantic. The trouble is that the author's imagination balks whenever he tries to embroider. He has a formula (which happens to be Mr. John Erskine's formula) but nothing more; Jonson never comes alive—is never recreated for us, any more than are Shakespeare and the other puppets whose names fill the pages. Never once is it suggested that Jonson had any inner life, that he was more than an enormous appetite for sack and learned books, for money and fame. We are told that he wrote plays of some merit and lyrics of some beauty, but we are not given so much as a hint of anything in the man that would make them possible. As for Shakespeare, he can scarcely have been so vacuous as Mr. Steel thinks him. The vacuity, one fears, is merely in this little book, of which M. Maurois, Mr. Lytton Strachey, and Mr. Erskine should be set down as the godparents.

Warp and Woof

THE TAPESTRY. By J. D. BERESFORD. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHAN SMERTENKO

MR. BERESFORD has written better books than "The Tapestry," but none which disclose his skill and his peculiar virtue more clearly. For, though in this novel he has pieced together the old themes of popular fiction without even the apology of a disguise, he has, nevertheless, added so much charm in the manner of his telling that the entire design has both individual color and interesting development.

In its bare outlines it is a shopworn fable, this story of John Fortescue's rise from mason to famous architect and his marriage to a childhood sweetheart and ideal, an irresponsible beauty whose plain sister is really the woman who loves him—constantly and hopelessly from afar. Fortescue's betrayal by an Armenian roué, his murderous vengeance, and his quiet expiation are also the stock-in-trade of third rate romances. And yet there is a propriety and an inevitability about these lurid details which justifies them; while the minor key in which the action is written gives even its most sensational and banal elements the stamp of authenticity.

The best part of the work lies in the early chapters wherein a child's slow realization of the queerness of his household is portrayed with striking deftness and sensitiveness. John was not an inquisitive boy.

> He had the usual curiosities about the causes of natural phenomena: how trees grew; why the cat had kittens and the gas went "plop" when it was lighted; which was the biggest city in the world, things of that kind, the answers to all of which he presumed were known to grown-up people—if not to any one in the house, certainly to the policeman in the Finchley Road, who was Johnny's first ideal of the Omniscient. But beyond these natural curiosities, he took things for granted.

This ready acceptance of conditions is characteristic of John as child and man. At eighteen, though academically introduced to the "facts of life" by his fellow-students in a French college, he is still unable to understand the relationship between his parents. And even the crisis which forces the woman he calls mother to leave their home does not reveal to him the extraordinary situation in which he is soon to find himself. During the scene between father and son in the flat at Cannes, the high point in the work, John finally learns the truth that makes him homeless.

> Mr. Fortescue had paused. His first movement of escape toward the bedroom door had an air of furtively evading interference, but as no resistance was offered, he pulled himself together. Dignity was beyond him, but he could at least find a gesture. He drew out his pocketbook and flung it toward John. . . .
>
> His hand went up to his whiskers, and his step, as he went into the next room, had resumed its tripping insouciance. He was again humming the refrain of *The Flood Tide*.

After this parting Mr. Beresford makes what he can out of ordinary, not to say commonplace, situations.

Talks on Criticism

(*Continued from page* 233)

lence, some relative of merit, by which his discoveries may be measured or classified. His duty is to the book and the book's author. But as the curve mounts into the world of men a new principle enters, the audience. Critics become aware of a pressing need for explanation. They perceive a double duty—to interpret the book and to pass on the interpretations. Their criticism is not ended when they have "settled *hoti's* business," they must feed with the subtle juices of art extracted from masterpieces the presumably thirsty public. The critic becomes teacher.

And with the next arc of the curve the focus of interest again changes. The critic, now usually a journalist, has become a conveyor of news. He is a writer before he is a critic, and his first duty is to interest his readers. His subject matter is a book (or drama, or music, or art), not crime, politics, or finance, but his obligation to inform and excite and amuse is as great as if he were writing human interest stories for a very human audience. He has become an entertainer, and his subject, literature, is valuable to him only in so far as he can make it valuable to his readers.

All along the line of this curve the usual restrictions and definitions of literary criticism apply, and its use as a convenient figure implies no praise for the seeker of absolute truth or blame for the professional entertainer. In practice, the scholar devoted to truth often sticks his head into a swamp of facts and performs a less service for criticism than some haphazard journalist who uses his powerful intuitions solely to interest and amuse. In practice, the columnist or the casual reviewer may prepare for his task by the most elaborate analysis, may devotedly search for the truth before he prepares his pill for a public that will take anything, even truth, if it is properly sweetened.

It is a fact, not a principle that is being described, but it is the first fact to consider in a discussion of modern criticism. Grant, then, the curve of interest and all that must accompany it, and note further and finally that under the conditions in which we today live and think, this curve, like a ray of light, is subject to the gravitational pull of strong spheres of influence. At the end of the curve where, whether impressionist or scholar, the critic studies a book for its own sake, the pull of modern experimental science is strong, a method of thinking, a repository of ascertained facts, which warps the curve of interest away from the older line of esthetics toward psychology, sociology, pathology, history. At the other end, where the audience becomes the chief factor, modern journalism, with its emphasis upon sensation, upon the interests of mediocre men, and upon immediate utility rather than possible good, exercises its incalculable and almost irresistible influence.

Diametrically different as seemingly these influences are, they are yet, as we shall see, spring from the loins of the same age, are blood relatives if not twins, and the critic and criticism can escape one or the other, but never both.

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Great but Good

A GREATER THAN NAPOLEON: SCIPIO AFRICANUS. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by MARRYAT DOBIE

CAPTAIN LIDDELL HART has shown originality in making a good man the subject of a wholly laudatory biography. Older generations regarded Scipio Africanus as the greatest Roman except Julius Caesar, but he was surely too virtuous, able, and successful to appeal to an age which prefers spectacular egoism or failure and is inclined to regard history as made by its crooks and Sheiks.

Yet Scipio did not appear so tame to his own contemporaries. The subordination of self to the City was still the Roman's chief virtue. But Greek literature was filtering in, with stories of the great Hellenistic heroes who had overridden tradition and morality and made themselves kings of vast kingdoms. This was Scipio's reading, and in many things he was thoroughly heroic, owning a snake for his father, communing with the gods, performing magnanimous actions, and uttering apothegms. What was more serious, although all his ambition was for the good of Rome and he never sought kingship or other personal advantage, he showed a contempt for constitutional forms and a confidence in his own future which naturally perturbed his elders; and, indeed, their concern was justified by the succession of heroes who afterwards ruined the country until there came one unheroic enough to save it.

In the course of the book Capt. Hart builds up a fine portrait of his subject, bringing out both his general qualities—his extraordinary understanding of men, the original and sometimes brilliant fashion in which he dealt with every problem—and, particularly, his gifts as a leader, which, with the aid of a wealth of historical and modern comparisons, he makes understandable and interesting even to one quite unlearned in military matters. He might, perhaps, have discussed the question how far Scipio was indebted to the great Hellenistic generals. Alexander had already used cavalry and light infantry in pursuit and operations not unlike the march on Gades; and may not Scipio's siege-craft have owed something to Demetrios's Town-taker?

Occasionally Capt. Hart is a little over-enthusiastic. To take one example, he says that Scipio's "acute strategical insight . . . made him realize that Spain was the key to the whole struggle;" but the war was going on in Spain anyway, and it was the Government, not Scipio, that decided to send reinforcements and an *imperator* to the country. We could appreciate Capt. Hart's judgments better if he told us more of the situation and the possibilities. We should perceive the value of taking Cartagena if we could conjecture why his predecessors never thought of attempting it, just what its loss meant to the Carthaginians (did Mago and Hanno land there in 208? Hasdrubal sailed from there after Ilipa), whether some other course of action might have held Hasdrubal in Spain, and how much Hasdrubal's escape really mattered (the Metaurus is barely mentioned). So, too, it is not clear that the march up the Bagradas was wise. Did Hannibal follow Scipio to Zama to save Carthage from a desperate predicament or to catch Scipio in one?

The villain of the piece is the Senate. Capt. Hart successfully disposes of the notion that Scipio, in contrast to Hannibal, was adequately backed by the authorities at home, and his picture of crusted officialdom, suspicious of the brilliant youth, and more anxious to maintain its privileges than to win the war, is probably true in the main. But there was much to be said against the African venture. The Metaurus had been won; but Hannibal was still in Italy, Rome was exhausted and nearly bankrupt, the Carthaginians had just sent reinforcements to Italy with orders to revive the war there, and the memory of Cannæ and even later events were fresh enough to make it seem risky to send precious troops overseas.

But there is more to praise than to criticize. In straightforward language, unaided by the tricks which are supposed to give vividness, the author gives a clear and lively picture of men, times, and events. His ideas go far beyond tactics and strategy, and they are always interesting, generally justified, and sometimes profound. It is fortunate that an original genius like Scipio should be portrayed by one with such an original outlook.

The Bowling Green

In Geneva

YOU will have to be patient with me while I try to tell you about Geneva. Already it has faded into a sunny haze, through which I see a pale blue shimmer of the lake, white swans tacking against the lucid pour of the stream, little men in dark coats with brief-cases full of agenda papers. Those European brief-cases, of course, that fold over on themselves like large pocket-books, and have no handle. They contain papers so important, one supposes, that they must not be carried by a handle but hugged warmly against the ribs.

No one had ever told me—but then I find that hardly any one ever does tell me anything—about the Lake of Geneva. How it lies so still and reflective in its opal crater. Such beautiful dead water, with the soft sodden smell that fresh water always has to those of us who live by tidal salt. And then, under the bridges of Geneva you see that that water is dangerously alive. Why did no one ever tell me how it goes racing down into the Rhone, creaming and crisping against the piers of the bridges, swimming beneath your feet with such speed that you feel a little giddy and touch the hand-rail of the bridge for steadiness. So you realize that under all that stillness of untroubled blue there was this dreaming purpose, this constant anxiety for escape. Then you look differently at that level shimmer, where the punctual little steamers churn white furrows and sailboats hover like troops of butterflies. All that weight and color of pictured liquid has intentions of its own, which have nothing to do with the cheerful tourist. Like all the still volume of thought in the mind, it moves in secret stream toward the fierce endless Now. What does Rousseau, sitting in effigy on his flat-iron islet, think of the philosophical analogies? The swift water divides about him with a hiss; the sharp prow of his island is like the nose of a destroyer racing in calm sea. Must philosophers always sit so, aghast in a downward rush of Time? The mind, prompt to invert phenomena for its own comfort, hastens to believe the water standing still, the island and the pretty trinket town steering busily upstream.

* * *

There was a queer feeling of having arrived in Geneva backwards, for at Ambérieu the train reversed itself and put on an engine at the other end. All the way up that gorgeous defile towards Culoz I had a queer sensation that we were going the wrong way. To the Long Islander, who has little enough dealing with great hills, that steep approach to Switzerland is good exercise for the nape. You crouch in the corridor of the car, cricking upward to see the sloping strata of gray and yellow cliff that overhang the train. Fine peaky jags of stone go spiring into the strong sunset light. You dare not praise these hills too much, lest the Alps themselves, when you see them, have no residue of surprise. But it seems a pity to be faring in a train, instead of on a bicycle along that magic road. In the dusk, in the aperitive hour, you reach Geneva at last. You are ready by now for almost any imaginable thrill. You would not be surprised if your bedroom window looked right off upon the shining sierras of Mont Blanc.

* * *

But Mont Blanc, as you soon learn, veils himself. You may pass a whole week in Geneva and never see him. And it is nothing picturesque nor historic that first caught my eye. It was a certain brand of tobacco, that comes in a blue tin, which I have sought in vain elsewhere on the Continent. The number and luxury of the tobacconists was my first thrill, and always that admirable but costly blue tin in the window. Then, rambling about in the evening freshness, you hear the orchestra playing on the terrace of the Café du Nord. You begin to feel the intense artificiality of this enchanting town.

I don't mean artificial in any derogating sense. The word that kept coming into my mind was *civilized*. Geneva is certainly the most sedulously trimmed, regulated, and finished city I have ever seen. It is so civil and comely you forget the rough hills you crept under to reach it; you forget the incredible back-drop of the Alps behind it. All those neatly clipped parasol-shaped plane trees seem as though they should grow in green tubs. The town is as pretty, as neat, as well-wound as the little watches that tick in its handsome shop windows. Whatever resources, consolations, comforts, distractions, civilization has to offer (and they are many) are available there. The routine of the town's life seems to go on by silent wizardry. The streets are cleaned until they shine, but one does not see it being done. The tables are ready for lunch at the appointed hour. The latest books in three languages are in the bookshops punctually on publication day.

It is, to me, the most civilized town I have ever seen; I could not endure it for very long, for it is too perfect. Everything for instance that is, in American cities, wild, haphazard, and terrifying, has been settled long ago in Geneva. "Geneva, City of Refuge," says an inscription on an old, old tower, and indeed one has a sense of safe asylum, of having reached a stronghold of order where problems of traffic, transportation, drainage, education, piety, and everything else are well in hand. Like all good-natured and methodical people who seem to have no problems of their own, Geneva finds those of others unloaded upon her. But even international indignations seem to lose something of their sting in that gay and week-end atmosphere. Perhaps one reason why it seemed to me that Geneva was having a good time was that almost everyone there (except me) was having his expenses paid by someone else. The number of delegates, secretaries, journalists, propagandists, observers, touring commissions, functioneers of international peace, is almost incredible. I, representing no one, there merely as unprejudicated spectator, responsible to no one but my own curiosity, paid my share (even more than my share) of the drinks and listened attentively.

* * *

It will be difficult, it will be very difficult, not to give you some sort of false impression of Geneva. For there are comic phases that must be mentioned. But before approaching them it is necessary to say that one feels there a very real, a very thrilling sense of internationality. Where, on every hand, one sees the flags and faces of so many different peoples, one cannot remain rigidly convinced of the perfect rightness of any single clan. The United States, though not yet a member of the League, has made its great contribution. The one most important place I visited in Geneva was the Sporting Bar, an American grog-shop, which is the favorite rendezvous of the young diplomats, journalists, and second-string envoys of all nations. They and their ladies convene in this admirable place before and after all important meetings, and in a jabber of various lingoes fleet the time carelessly. There, more than in any discourse in the Salle de Réformation, you will hear what Norway, Uruguay, Germany, or the Serbs-Croats-Slovenes really think about the speech just made by Briand or Chamberlain. There you will seal surprising friendships in the course of the cocktail hour, and will encounter that lively Swiss aperitive the Bitter-Diableret. There you will hear discussed such hilarious matters as the painful schism that divided a party of American newspaper editors touring the Continent at the expense of the Carnegie Foundation. Some of the party thought one way about certain things, and some thought another. When one editor, at an official dinner in Munich, desiring to pay compliment to their hosts, delivered an impassioned eulogy on Beer, the social solidarity of the troupe was permanently fractured. There you will hear anecdote of the inside workings of the Secretariat, which will fortify your general theory of the human scheme. One thinks more gaily of the League when one knows it to be subject to the same ecumenical laws of comedy that operate alike upon Senators, Prime Ministers, and Bishops. There was the famous day when one of the stenographers of the Secretariat suffered a *crise de nerfs* and locked herself in the bathroom to brood. Her consoeurs rattled and banged on the door, and besought her to come out, but in vain. At last they grew really worried, but one of them had the inspiration to cry. "Lizzie, Lizzie! you're holding up the League!" which appeal to her sense of world responsibility was successful. The phrase has become classic in Geneva.

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Books of Special Interest

English Drama

THE SOCIAL MODE OF RESTORATION COMEDY. By KATHLEEN M. LYNCH. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A HISTORY OF LATE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY DRAMA, 1750-1800. By ALLARDYCE NICOLL. Cambridge (England) University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by George H. NETTLETON
Yale University

MISS LYNCH'S well-informed and suggestive study of the early influences on Restoration comedy is another sign of the academic times. Within the past few years the university presses of Cambridge and Oxford, of Columbia and Yale, have published important volumes on Restoration drama. Miss Lynch's revision of her doctoral thesis at the University of Michigan turns fuller critical attention to foreshadowings of the Restoration comedy of manners in earlier English comedy and especially in the serious Platonic drama of the court of Charles I. Her main contentions have genuine significance, though there is some tendency to force the facts into conformity with the desired conclusions.

Miss Lynch puts her crucial problem candidly. "Platonic drama, with its solemn philosophy and its tedious rhetoric, seems far enough removed from the cynical gaiety and rapid flow of wit of Restoration comedy." The essence of her answer is briefly suggested thus:

> Platonic drama and Restoration comedy both depict small aristocratic groups, in which morals as well as manners have become regulated by an exacting social code. In Restoration comedy, polite gallantry, although less ceremonious than it had been a few decades earlier and interpreted in a new spirit, is still the chief business of life, an engrossing game with many rules.

The real test of critical parallels, here as elsewhere, is whether they are fairly balanced with the differences that dissever. Now, "polite gallantry" meant one thing in serious Platonic drama, and a very different thing in Restoration comedy, the "social code" varied widely, and the differences remain salient between the constrained verse of the platonic dramatists and the flexible prose of Congreve, or between the dullness of Suckling's drama and the wit of the "Way of the World." Miss Lynch has done well to compare fully the literary and social conventions of the courts of Charles I and of the "Merry Monarch," but the sense of their marked contrasts is clearer in her initial statement of her problem than in her final solution.

Professor Nicoll, one of the most productive recent historians of English drama, has now completed the third volume of his notable series covering successive periods of post-Restoration drama. The steady, well-ordered advance—at the rate of half a century a volume—suggests almost military method and efficiency. The full campaign relies more on sheer strength than on special strategy. Those who follow it with a craving for brilliant critical adventures may yearn for warmth and color, but even they will respect the firm marshalling of all the forces of fact, and their intelligent guidance to sound positions.

This third volume, dealing with the last half of the eighteenth century, strikingly confirms the merits and limitations suggested in the review in these columns of Professor Nicoll's earlier study of Restoration drama. He still proceeds as historian, *fortiter in re,* not as critic, *suaviter in modo.* He is still the accurate annalist of the stage rather than the acute analyst of its drama. Scholars will turn again and again with solid satisfaction to the ample stores of important historical material included both in the main work and in the appendix, whose remarkable "Hand-list of Plays" occupies a generous third of the entire volume, but lay readers may find the critical estimates and interpretation of the drama itself somewhat arid and infertile. This is largely due to the barrenness of soil which, save for Goldsmith and Sheridan, produced little of enduring dramatic vitality. But should not "The Rivals," for instance, yield more than this to kindly culture?

> "The Rivals' is a good, but by no means a brilliant, comedy. The continuous stream of infelicitous verbiage which flows from the mouth of Mrs. Malaprop begins after a time to pall, and the idiosyncrasies of Lydia Languish are overemphasized. The satire of sentimental self-torture in Faulkland is well carried out, but again, as with Goldsmith, the last scene of the play introduces a form of sentimentalism which is no longer burlesque, and which clashes rather hopelessly with the rest of the play. Seen on the stage as read in the study, "The Rivals" is found to be a thing of shreds and patches, and even if those patches were once parts of royal garments their juxtaposition can hardly be regarded as harmonious. Perhaps literary criticism has made too much of this play, too.

But has Professor Nicoll made enough of it—especially if one recalls the dictum of his Preface that "the final and only sure test of dramatic excellence lies in the playhouse"?

Broadly speaking, the dominant qualities of Professor Nicoll's work—accuracy and thoroughness in investigation, high ability in organizing copious and varied material, especially historical and documentary, and clearness in determining and stating tangible results—serve him better as historian than as critic of English drama. The quoted comment on "The Rivals" and other passages in the present volume may, indeed, be said to show increasing critical discrimination, but this seems exercised more readily against dramatic shortcomings than in favor of positive dramatic merits. The disciplinary power so effectively shown in the determination of facts tends to constrain somewhat severely the range of critical vision and sympathy. Thus the interpretation is more precise than penetrating, more cautiously analytical than cordially appreciative. But if Professor Nicoll's work as historian overshadows his ability as critic, his contribution to the factual knowledge of English drama is highly important to all serious students. The continuation of his present series of studies will undoubtedly add largely to the impressive scholarly results which he has already attained.

City Government

THE MODERN DEVELOPMENT OF CITY GOVERNMENT IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE UNITED STATES. By ERNEST S. GRIFFITH. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. 2 vols. $14.

STUDY of city government in this country has given Professor Griffith a solid basis for his comparative analysis of British and American municipal management. At the outset, he observes, he believed in the principle of centralization with which his British experience had familiarized him, but his investigation gave him "a profound suspicion of the wisdom of central interference in city government" such as Parliament still exercises. It is decidedly refreshing to come upon a writer who thinks that the history of American city government has something to teach the world besides the danger of corruption.

Professor Griffith divides his account into three periods. In the first, ending at 1870, the contrast between British and American cities was glaring—and not to our credit. British municipalities were conspicuously free from the graft which permeated American city administration. Unpaid officials in Britain were doing far better by their people than paid officials in the United States. Parliament confined itself as a rule to general legislation for cities, while our Legislatures were reveling in an orgy of interference.

During the second period, ending at 1900, both countries had a municipal awakening. In Britain this resulted in forward steps in education, public health, and popular control. In the United States it showed itself mainly in a determined effort to get rid of political rottenness. The third period, ending at 1924, has been marked in Britain by a great increase in "municipal trading" or public ownership and operation of public utilities, especially with reference to town planning and housing. In the United States the large powers possessed by cities were utilized for making notable advances in legal institutions—witness the juvenile court—education, recreational facilities, and even sightliness. As unsolved problems, Professor Griffith sees for British cities finance, housing, and education; for American cities, corruption and respect for law. The corruption is not the old brazen robbery, but the subtler form, "honest graft."

These two volumes, which testify to Professor Griffith's industry and insight, constitute an encyclopædia of city government in the two countries.

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A Letter from Switzerland

By René Rapin

SWITZERLAND, like America, is a federation. But it is a federation of states (the twenty-two Cantons) most of which, before they united and formed into a commonwealth, had a separate existence of their own—some having been more or less independent units of the nondescript conglomeration of cities, bishoprics, baronies, dukedoms, and what-not, called the Holy Roman Empire which once spread all over Central Europe and Italy, others having been faithful or rebellious subjects of the dukes of Savoy, the Bernese Republic, this king, or that bishop; some having turned Protestants at the Reformation, others having kept the old faith. Thus had every little state, when it entered the Confederation, its own history, its own traditions, its religion, its language, or languages.

The Cantons have now learnt to live in common; Roman Catholics and Protestants have come to tolerate each other's opinions; the Latin minorities (about twenty-three per cent of the Swiss speak French, four per cent Italian, and one per cent Romanish) have equal rights with the German majority (seventy-two per cent of the whole population). So that today, after centuries of federal existence, there is not only a Swiss army, a Swiss civil law, a Swiss foreign policy, but also, in spite of racial and religious differences, a Swiss standard of living, education, and morality.

But there is no Swiss language. Consequently, if we call literature the ensemble of the works written in one language, there is no Swiss literature.

There is no Swiss literature, but there is literature (or rather are literatures) in Switzerland, and you will not read many German Swiss and French Swiss authors before you notice that they have much in common, that their work has some definitely Swiss traits: having all had a Protestant education (Catholic Switzerland has been strangely unvocal as yet), their moral background is, not unnaturally, apt to be the same; they have the same interest in analysis, and, with the possible exception of Rousseau, the same reticence in the expression of their more intimate feelings; they also show that curiously realistic treatment of the fantastic and the mystical which seems to run through the best Swiss art from Holbein and Manuel Deutsch down to Hodler or Ramuz. Yet, however Swiss a novel or poem may be in its subject, its background, its morale, however much local flavor it may have (and it should have much), if it is any good, if it is to be counted as literature, it must hold its own with the best French, Italian, or German work of the same order. You write in French: your work must be French literature; in German: German literature; in Italian: Italian literature.

Not all Swiss books, needless to say, fulfil these requirements. Many charming works there are that, owing to their local dialect, local interest, local satire or farce, could not possibly be appreciated outside the boundaries of Switzerland or even of their own canton. These books often have a raciness, piquancy, and bouquet truly their own: they are but local vintage, fit only for local consumption. Of such is not Switzerland's contribution to the world literature. But Rousseau's "Confessions," Ramuz's "Samuel Belet," Gotthelf's vivid pictures of peasant life: could any books be more specifically Swiss? Yet the "Confessions" and "Samuel Belet" are French literature, Gotthelf's stories and novels German literature. They are (or will be) world classics because they were first (or are beginning to be) French classics and German classics. To put it in another way, for a Swiss writer to be read by the world, he must first be read by Germany, France, or Italy.

This makes his position a difficult one. An American writer often has to wait before English critics or the English public are willing to consider his work an enrichment of English literature. He can afford to wait. His Americanism may delay his popularity in England: it is an asset he has in America. The English do not read him yet: his compatriots do, or will. And his compatriots are over a hundred million. Even should his appeal be to the intelligent few, he will have thousands of readers. Your Swiss writer, on the contrary, while waiting for his work to bear fruit abroad (and it must be read abroad if it is to bring him glory, and the material profit of glory), must seek his readers from a population (and a predominantly agricultural population at that) of less than three million if he writes in German, and of some 800,000 (of whom how many read?) if he is French Swiss. Add to this the fact that local patriotism is rampant all over Switzerland, so that a Geneva writer will often find it hard to be read in Lausanne (and vice-versa), the fact also that Swiss readers are very apt to judge a work of art by moral standards, and you will have some idea of the particular difficulties which a Swiss writer has to contend with.

C. F. Ramuz and Carl Spitteler are typical examples.

Born and educated in Lausanne, a Swiss (or rather Vaudois) environment has moulded Ramuz. A long stay in Paris has broadened his outlook, steadied his hand, made him fully conscious of what is genuinely his. Experience and suffering have matured and deepened him. His is an original gift: the gift of making others see, feel, sympathize. This gift he aptly applies to the exaltation—a revelation to eyes blinded by custom or convention—of the particular spot of earth, of Swiss earth (Vaud—and more especially Lavaux—and Valais) that he knows best. He is no Frenchman, it is no French landscape inspires him, his moral background is not French. But French is his mother tongue, French is his by birthright and the right of the original artist over his material. He has been writing for over twenty years. He has, with absolute devotion to his vision, worked over and over again his interpretation of the world, of his world. He has come to be one of the two or three greatest artists now writing in the French language, and perhaps the most original and the strongest. He has won to himself many and passionate admirers. A Claudel, for example, acknowledges his rare genius. And yet, how many Frenchmen are aware of his supreme importance? What in him is most original stands in the way of his popularity in France. He is Swiss: French nationalists deny his birthright to the French language; his technique is most unconventional: devotees of Paul Bourget and Anatole France pronounce him unreadable; his treatment of French syntax and vocabulary is novel and audacious: French purists denounce his barbarisms, deplore his "Swissisms." Nor is he a prophet in his own country: his compatriots are only too ready to declare him obscure and insane, too ready to endorse the criticisms the French direct at him.

And all the time Ramuz goes on working. Applaud or criticize him, his work is what matters. Others wrangle and jabber: he creates. Loud is the din of envy, stupidity, conventionalism—yet every year (at last . . .) new readers hear that low-toned, manly voice.

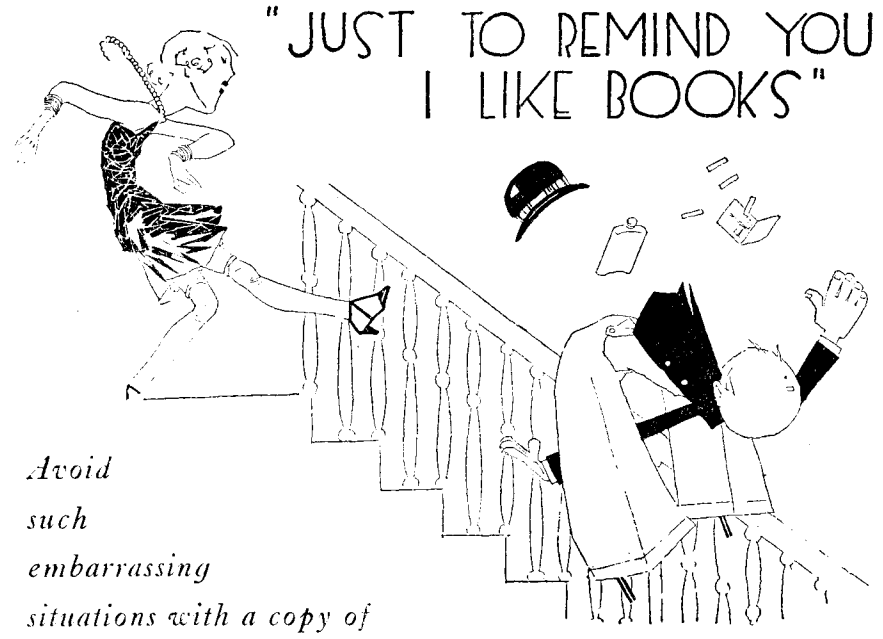
Carl Spitteler (d. 1924), another difficult writer, (let us bless difficult writers, says Valéry in "Variété," the readers they win they give to the classics), Spitteler found it as hard as Ramuz to win recognition and fame. And no sooner had he secured a high position in the esteem of German *literati* than political animosity snatched it back from him.

Cultivated Germany had by 1914 slowly awakened to the unique greatness of Spitteler's epic "Prometheus," a work of genius, but published with as little regard to fashion and circumstances as Milton's "Paradise." The war broke out. Incensed by the German invasion of Belgium, enraged by the approval it met among the intellectuals of Germany, Spitteler, Miltonwise, gave vent to his feelings in a passionate speech. Germany at once ostracized his books, his name was suppressed from literary histories, every criticaster belittled his achievements. (As late as 1925, in a study the "Goethe-Jahrbuch" gave of all known, or unknown, "Prometheuses," Spitteler's alone was omitted.)

Political prejudice has today somewhat abated, Spitteler's eminence is secure once more: Spitteler himself is no more.

Every original artist has to contend with misunderstanding and prejudice, a Swiss artist more perhaps than any other. To fight the good fight, to remain true to his ideal, requires more than ordinary fortitude. Only the greatest have it. The strong only survive the fight.

They are not many. German Switzerland has had four: it has given German literature, and the world, Jeremias Gotthelf, Gottfried Keller, C. F. Meyer, Spitteler. French Switzerland, from Mme. de Stael and Benjamin Constant to Vinet and Amiel (or, today, Edmond Gilliard), has had more analysts and critics than creative artists. There are only two exceptions, but they are outstanding ones: Rousseau in the eighteenth century, C. F. Ramuz in ours.



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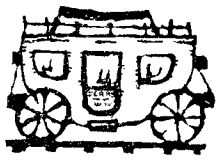

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 3. The Eighteenth Amendment has just been revoked. Mr. H. L. Mencken, too full of his accustomed prose, bursts into dithyrambic verse in his next editorial in *The American Mercury*. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most convincing extract not exceeding thirty lines. (Entries for this competition must be mailed to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of October 31st.)

Competition No. 4. Haydon records that "Keats made Ritchie promise that he would carry his 'Endymion' to the great desert of Sahara and fling it in the midst. . . . Poor Ritchie went to Africa and died in 1819." We offer a prize of fifteen dollars for the most convincing account (in not more than 400 words) of the finding of the volume by a traveler in 1850. (Entries for this competition must be mailed in time to reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 7th.)

The entries for Competition No. 1 (a serious lyric in limericks) will be reviewed and the prize awarded in our next issue.

Competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

A prize of one cent was offered to Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, and any rival competitors, for the best short nonsense lyric beginning with the line "It's daffodil time in New Zealand."

A nickel for the best explanation of the combined silence with which Messrs. Morley, Benét,* and Bacon have replied to our challenge. Here are some headings—(a) Did they get cold feet? (b) Don't they like to compete with amateurs? (c) Was the prize too small? (d) Was the subject too serious? (e) Are they too temperamental to write on a subject not their own?

Frankly, we advise you to hold your talents in reserve for the real battles and richer rewards to come. We apologize for our own stars: but, after all, a benefit performance is a benefit performance and we must not expect too much of the professionals. Seriously, we regret seeming to have advertised ourselves with false pretenses, but we swear the fault is not ours.

There were about thirty entries of which ten set a high prize-winning standard. David W. Reid took the opportunity to practice for the lyric-limerick prize.

Just where in the world is New Zealand?
That great big surrounded-by-sea land?
I have a faint notion
It's out in the ocean.
I learned all about it at Leland.

Beatrice Barry was of the many competitors who made capital out of the antipodal seasons.

It's daffodil time in New Zealand;
Is that daylight, or standard, or late?
I've a date with an underbred eland
And it makes him quite furious to wait.

The rest of her poem was not so good. E. E. C. would have shared the prize if he had not strained too far after rhymes in his first stanza. He begins well with

It's daffodil time in New Zealand,
That contrary antipodes-land . . .

and then lapses for some lines, recovering himself admirably with

The eland's not found in New Zealand,
Nor yet is the spry kangaroo.
The gnu is not new in New Zealand.
There's lack of a faunal "Whose Zoo."
The daffodils went to New Zealand
Which told them to grow and they grew.
There's always new zeal in New Zealand,
But hardly a rhyme that will do.

This is really clever. But we divide the prize as evenly as possible between D. F. Rose (who will be remembered from the Phœnician's column as the editor of *Stuff & Nonsense, a Magazine of no Importance*), and "Inverybad Witherfolks" (the pseudonym of one of New England's youngest poets), both very skilful versifiers.

The Prizewinning Entries

I—Ode on an Antipode

It's daffodil time in New Zealand
Though the voice of the dodo is mute;
And we'll see armadilloes when we land
And other strange creatures to boot;
Or, if you're not given to booting
Strange creatures, we'll walk on the pier
And hear the Antarctic owl hooting,
And weep in our beer.

For it's daffodil time in New Zealand,
And what if the dodo's defunct?
There's ptarmigan flying and teal: and
The junks that the Chinamen junked
And perches for proud albatrosses
Which, though they're not given to song,
Have bodies like hansom cab hosses,
And beaks a yard long.

Now that summer has come to New Zealand
(Where the world is inverted, dear girl)
We'll breakfast on brave pickled eel, and
I'll dress you in mother-of-pearl;
For you know that I love with true zeal and
You promised to wed me—remember?—
In daffodil time in New Zealand,
In balmy December.

"Inverybad Witherfolks."

II—Spring Fever

It's daffodil time in New Zealand,
It's artichoke season in Gaul;
The gentle spring breezes
Bring wandering sneezes,
And visions and vapors enthrall,
Withal,
Which isn't important at all.

My heart's in the highlands or somewhere,
My arteries yearn for the sea;
My soul has its eyes on
A purple horizon
Where romance is waiting for me,
To free
My spirit from gloom and ennui.

The zephyrs sing sweet in my whiskers,
From off of a distant plateau;
The wanderlust itches,—
Let's hitch up our breeches
And buy us some tickets and go,
What ho,
To the land where the daffodils grow.

Donald F. Rose.

So now to find a file and a penny.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th street, New York City." The number of the competition (e.g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

*Mr. Benét's lyric has since arrived, too late for mention until next week.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

PENCIL DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM BLAKE. Chosen by GEOFFREY KEYNES. New York: Random House. 1927. $12.

Here are seventy-five reproductions in collotype of Blake drawings chosen and annotated by Geoffrey Keynes. Most of the drawings have been taken from various public and private collections, and have been hitherto known to but few. The collotype process insures an almost exact facsimile of pencil drawings. The book has been exquisitely printed in London at the Nonesuch Press and has been imported by Random House at 20 East Fifty-seventh Street, the American selling agent for the Nonesuch Press limited editions. Six hundred copies of this demy quarto have been allotted to America. This year of Blake centenary commemoration two other beautiful and interesting Blake items are available from the Nonesuch Press, namely Mona Wilson's "The Life of Blake" at eighteen dollars, and the Unlimited Centenary Edition of the "Complete Prose and Poetry of William Blake," first printing two thousand copies, at five dollars. "The Complete Prose and Poetry" is all in one volume. The English edition is in a particularly attractive flexible red binding. The Random House binding of the American edition is blue boards, but the appearance is very neat. In the much larger book of drawings the subjects vary from Blake's first sketch for "Glad Day" to the latest of his "Visionary Heads" and the sketches for "Illustrations of the Book of Job." This is a truly splendid item for Blake collectors. It is one of the finest Nonesuch Press books that we have seen.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE. By *G. H. Wood*. Harcourt, Brace. $4.

Biography

THE RELATION OF THOMAS JEFFERSON TO AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, 1783-1793. By WILLIAM KIRK WOOLFERY. Johns Hopkins Press. 1927.

This is a good piece of spade-work in historical scholarship. It treats, mostly by original research, of Thomas Jefferson's contact with the practical problems of American foreign policy after 1783, in his capacity of Minister to France and subsequently as Secretary of State under President Washington. The author expounds these problems, cites Mr. Jefferson's views of them and his method of intellectual approach, and shows by way of conclusion that his line of direction was, without any important exception, the one finally followed by the United States Government.

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER AND DIPLOMAT, HORACE PORTER. By ELSIE PORTER MENDE, in collaboration with HENRY GREENLEAF PEARSON. Stokes. 1927. $5.

Although written by a daughter of the man whose life it details, this biography is an objective presentation, informative and entertaining. Just what part the collaborator played in its writing cannot be stated nor does it matter. Any restraining influence he may have exercised has been so wisely employed that the chapters retain a glow of vitality not always found in formal biography. Porter was born in the year in which Queen Victoria came to the throne and he died in the year of the inauguration of President Harding. His father was a Governor of Pennsylvania and he himself, after service in the Civil War in which he finished as a member of Grant's staff, became one of Grant's secretaries at the White House and, under McKinley, Ambassador to France.

The book is liberally sprinkled with letters, some of which, like those written from Paris just preceding our war with Spain, are of historical value. It has also its colorful scenes, such as that of the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina and receptions by the Kaiser and the Czar. Anecdotes are not plentiful, but those which are included are well worth the space. The book gives a charming picture of a man who was a good soldier, an able diplomat, and a rare gentleman.

TWELFTH CENTURY CHARACTERS AND CHARACTERISTICS. By MARTHA J. ROSS TEEL. Four Seas. 1927. $3.

Obviously the author of this slight volume was possessed in making it by a laudable enthusiasm for the twelfth century and by a commendable patience in collecting the eight hundred pages of notes which she admits excerpting from sources ranging all the way from "Britannica, 9th and 11th editions," to "Harvard Studies in Classical Philology: Charles H. Haskins" (*sic*). But unfortunately her enthusiasm and patience were unmatched by any competence for the task she set herself. Without grasp or perspective, with no ability to characterize or interpret or, for that matter, even to narrate—sentences as faulty in construction as they are undistinguished in diction occur on almost every page—she has wielded her paste-pot and scissors, casually jumbling together significant facts, irrelevant details, trite judgments, and copious direct quotations (often from undated sources). All this is the more to be regretted because her book seemed from the extravagant claims made for it to fill a very real need by providing a popular but authoritative account of the life and times of such men and women as Saint Bernard, Eleanor of Aquitaine, Henry II of England, and Roger I of Sicily. In the present instance, however, the desire to write such a book has pathetically outstripped the capacity to do so.

Drama

AN INTRODUCTION TO DRAMA. By JAY B. HUBBELL and JOHN O. BEATY. Macmillan. 1927. $3.50.

Professors Hubbell and Beaty have accomplished as well as could be expected the clearly impossible task of compressing into one volume a history of European drama from the beginning to the present time, illustrated by the texts of typical plays. This book is not likely to be of much value for college courses in the drama, but it may prove useful in general survey courses. For the needs of the latter it might better have stuck to the English drama. Is it, for instance, worth while to write a chapter on "The Classic Drama of France" and include, to represent it, only "Le Tartuffe"? Surely if but one play could be given, it should have been one of Racine's. We have in English plenty of comedies that illustrate the Molière type, but nothing like "Phèdre." The anthologist must not be censured for failing to please every taste, yet Farquhar's "The Beaux' Stratagem" strikes one as an odd choice to exemplify "The Drama of the Restoration."

Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" might well have been omitted in favor of more adequate illustration of the Elizabethan drama ("Dr. Faustus," "Volpone," and "Philaster"), or "The Drama of the Nineteenth Century," which offers merely "Iolanthe." Nor does the inclusion of plays by Alice Gerstenberg, Susan Glaspell, and Harold Williamson seem justified in a volume that leaves out any play by Æschylus, Euripides, Terence, Corneille, Racine, Congreve, Wycherley, Augier, Strindberg, or Galsworthy, or by any Spanish dramatist—from Calderon to Benavente,—or by any Italian or German dramatist, with the sole exception of Hauptmann.

Perhaps these comments are too finical. No one could possibly do what the authors of this book have tried to do. Yet probably no one would come nearer achieving it than they have done.

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN. By *Maxwell Anderson*. Longmans, Green. $2.

PICKWICK. By *Cosmo Hamilton* and *Frank C. Reilly*. Putnam. $2.

Fiction

CRIMSONED MILLIONS. By JOHN WILLOUGHBY. Clode. 1927. $2.

Two murders, first that of a young millionairess, then that of her friend and physician, occurring in peaceful Captain's Haven, Long Island, arouse the police of the district to the utmost activity. A secret service man, working as spy against a dangerous gang of bootleggers, is falsely accused of the crimes, and escapes arrest by fleeing to New York. Here he secures the aid of Detective-Captain Viggiano who, going at once to the scene of the homicides, takes charge of the investigation in masterly style. The plot, from that point on, is most elaborately constructed, its main factors being an eminent explorer, a retired district attorney, underworld thugs, forged wills, and a third murder. The tale is one of the kind which gradually gives away just enough of its mysterious inside stuff to keep the reader avid for more.

(*Continued on next page*)

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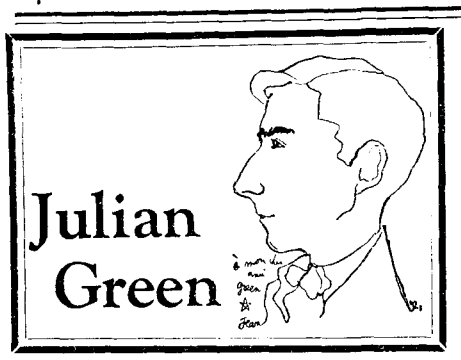

"JULIAN GREEN is going to be one of the greatest living French writers. His novels in less than a year have made of him the foremost French novelist of the younger generation," said Bernard Fäy in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, writing about the author of

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

A BACKWOODS PRINCESS. By HULBERT FOOTNER. Doran. 1927. $2.

Hector Blackburn was the last of the powerful free traders to hold sway in the Canadian Northwest, and when sudden death claimed him, his vast holdings fell into the unprotected hands of Loseis, his eighteen-year-old daughter. His enemy, a villainous rival trader, hastens to the dead Blackburn's post where, under pretense of befriending the girl, he attempts to seize control of the whole works. But his base designs are balked by Loseis and her sweetheart, a young government geologist. The action is of the stand-up, give-and-take, nothing-barred variety, one side gaining a little ground, only to lose it again to the other, and for such as the tale professes to be, it should pass muster.

THE VENETIAN KEY. By ALLEN UPWARD. Lippincott. 1927. $2.

On the strength of his performance here recorded, Sir Frank Tarleton, an official British authority on poisons, does not seem qualified to rank with the leading crime specialists of contemporary fiction. He here pursues an infinitely complicated, heavily masked investigation into the death of a dishonest nobleman, who has been murdered in the strong-room of his home by poisoned needles fired from a spring gun. The motive clearly suggested by the evidence is revenge, so Tarleton begins digging into the victim's disreputable past, meanwhile keeping up a pretense of amicable relations with the unsuspicious murderer, and finally, out of pity, permitting the latter to go free. Tarleton had better brighten up his future activities considerably, if he hopes to retain the interest and esteem of his followers.

WOLF SONG. By HARVEY FERGUSSON. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

This book is not for the reader who likes to have a story deal with people that "one would like to meet." It is an unshaven, hairy novel giving off an atmosphere of sweat and stale whiskey. Mr. Fergusson (remembered favorably for his "Hot Saturday") presents to us New Mexico of the bad old days of the 1840's, and through our acquaintance with Sam Lash we learn of the lives, thoughts, and bestialities of the trappers from the mountains, of their fights with the despised greasers on periodical trips to the outlying towns for "white liquor and brown women." The slight narrative (with not enough momentum to keep the novel on a steady march) tells brokenly of the animal attraction between this Lash and Lola Salazar, sheltered daughter of Spanish wealth and aristocracy. The book will probably stand or fall in the eyes of each reader by its recreation of early American manners and morals, as well as by its descriptions of the mountain country. As a whole, "Wolf Song" is alive without being significant, and colorful without having a pattern. Undeniably there is character and observation. But we feel a lack of climax and of restraint. In most cases, we fear, the novel will be read with interest, but looked back upon with disappointment.

International

THE BREAKDOWN OF SOCIALISM. By *Arthur Shadwell*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

BOLSHEVISM, FASCISM, AND DEMOCRACY. By *Francisco Nitti*. Translated and revised by Margaret M. Green. Macmillan. $2.75.

SOME WORLD PROBLEMS. By *Arthur F. Winnington Ingram*. Longmans, Green. $1.60.

SOCIAL CURRENTS IN JAPAN. By *Harry Emerson Wildes*. University of Chicago Press. $3.

SELF-LEGISLATED OBLIGATIONS. By *John Grier Hibben*. Harvard University Press. $1.

THE GROWTH OF CANADIAN NATIONAL FEELING. By *W. Stewart Wallace*. Macmillan.

A CHINAMAN'S OPINIONS. By *Hsiao-Ung*. Stokes. $3.

THE COMING CRISIS. By *James R. Kaye*. Chicago: Buxton-Westerman.

Juvenile

A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF MODERN TALES. By CAROLINE D. EMERSON. Dutton. 1927. $2.

The general conception of this book of short tales is an excellent one and the format and numerous line drawings by Lois Lenski so thoroughly humorous and delightful that it seems a pity the stories themselves could not have been a little better. Not that they are not well written, in a determinedly sprightly, well-made way of their own, but they fall just short of possessing the charm and whimsicality and vitality which go into the making of a really distinguished and lasting juvenile. One is conscious of the author behind them all, not of the author's personality (and after all it was more than anything else Milne's own personality and Hugh Lofting's that made their verses and tales so popular with all ages of readers) and it is as if one felt this particular one making a great effort to show that modern machinery and happenings can be as quaint and stirring to the imagination as the more conventional paraphernalia of juveniles.

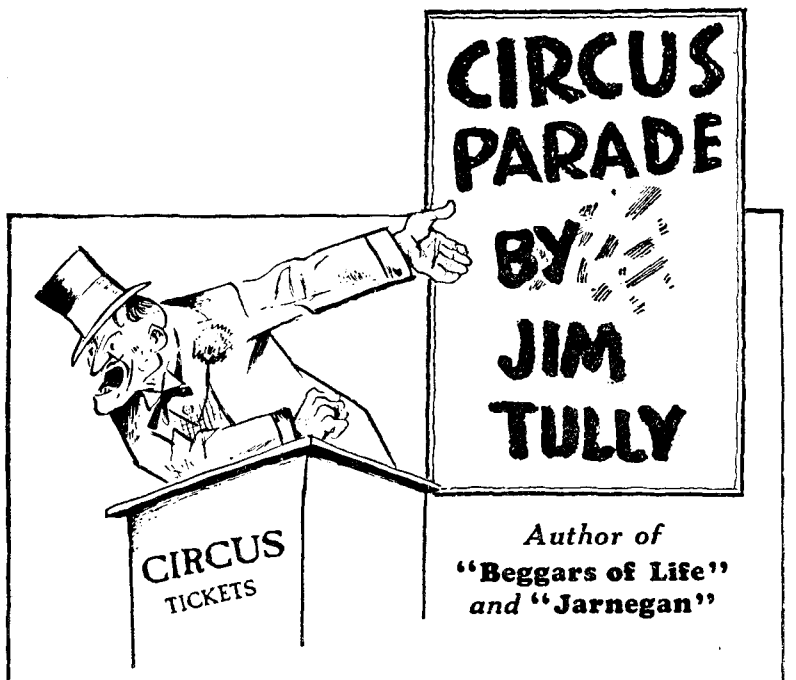
Miss Emerson is right in feeling that the modern automobile and engine, the washing machine and steam roller, are capable of romance. Very little has been done to utilize their possibilities in children's books up to now. We can imagine their figuring in the most engrossing of tales, but that is not the case here. Young readers will undoubtedly be amused and pleased by the tales of "The Timid Truck;" of "The House That Would Not Stay Still;" "The Train That Would Not Stay on the Track," and all the rest, for they are entertaining and thoroughly readable, planned and executed by one who knows what children like to hear and how to tell it to them. But this does not mean that it is good enough to take its place with the best of the old. The delicacy and beauty of Hans Andersen are not here; nor the vigor and spirit of the more recent "Rootabaga Stories." It is an attempt in the right direction, however, even though it savors a trifle self-consciously of the modern experimental school room.

BRAVE DOGS. By LILLIAN GASK. Thomas Y. Crowell. 1927. $1.50.

UNCLE SAM'S ANIMALS. By MARGARET FRANCES FOX. Century. 1927. $2.

The first of these volumes is a collection of dog stories, some of which, like Rob Roy, are well known, told in episodic and much abbreviated form. Each story is a series of poorly connected incidents in the life of an animal, so shortened and cut as to be negligible. The tales though weakly related are romantic and may thereby have a certain appeal to the boy of ten.

"Uncle Sam's Animals" is a volume of greater worth. It describes a variety of unique animals, most of them of historical interest, which come under government jurisdiction. The stories of Balto of Nome fame, the Alaskan seals, the camel experiment in the Southwest, the marauding wolves of cattle days, and others are well narrated. They are understandingly written for a boy of ten to fourteen. The natural habits of the animals are accurately described and the book is historically correct. A good book for boys.



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Concluding a review of a shelf of the season's most notable biographies, Edmund Pearson in the Outlook, wrote: **"If I were asked to vote for the book in this list of greatest enduring interest I should name "Boss" Tweed."**

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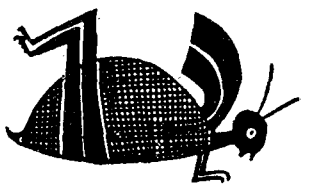

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Miscellaneous

SEA ESCAPES AND ADVENTURES. By *"Taffrail."* Stokes. $4.

AIR FACTS AND PROBLEMS. By *Lord Thomson.* Doran. $2.50.

DOGS AND DOGS. By *Joseph Edward Harry.* Sears. $2.50.

HOW TO LIVE LONGER. By *John Clarence Funk.* McKay.

HISTORIC HOTELS OF THE WORLD. By *Robert B. Lusty.* McKay.

DOGS OF CHARACTER. By *Cecil Aldin.* Scribners.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ART SECRETS. By *Wallace Nutting.* Dodd, Mead. $3.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY GARDEN. By *Louise Bush-Brown.* Little, Brown. $1.75 net.

THE GREAT DAYS OF SAIL. By *Andrew Shewan.* **Edited by *Rex Clements.*** Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

BOLTON'S AMERICAN ARMORY. By *Charles Knowles Bolton.* Boston: Faxon.

STUDIES AND RECORDS. Vol. II. Norwegian-American Historical Association.

THE GREAT MESSAGE. By *J. E. Richardson.* Great School of Natural Science.

ANTHEIL. By *Ezra Pound.* Covici. $2.

Pamphlets

EXPORT LITERATURE. By *Francis M. Botelho.* Wayne, Pa.: American Writers' Press.

DAVID HUME AND THE MIRACULOUS. By *A. E. Taylor.* Cambridge University Press. (Macmillan).

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS. By *Edward A. Choate, Jr.* Rye, N. Y.: Rye Book and Gift Shop.

LEOPARDI AND WORDSWORTH. By *Geoffrey L. Bickersteth.* Oxford. 70 cents.

THREE WOMEN POETS OF MODERN JAPAN. By *Glenn Hughes* and *Yozan T. Iwasaki.* University of Washington.

Philosophy

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PERSONALITY. By P. F. VALENTINE. Appleton. 1927.

A modest purpose well executed makes a good book. "Personality" is in the air; many are engaged in broadcasting its message. To do it well requires a balanced ration of meat and flavoring and good, wholesome bread. This is provided by Mr. Valentine's volume, and it aspires to no more. It is a layman's book; and the ordinary student, despite a larger familiarity with the material and a more studious habit, is on the intelligent layman's level of comprehension. This survey fills the bill.

Its purpose is to set forth what goes into the making of personality, which is the total make-up of human traits and their organization. Contributing to the integration are the habit-systems, the fundamental traits in which we differ and yet only in proportionate distribution, the instinctive or hereditary components, the dominant feeling-tone and range of emotion (well termed the leaven of the mass), the type of disposition to which we belong, the moulding to which we have subjected the original clay, the level of intelligence at which it all functions, the contribution of the less explicitly organized trends called subconscious, the "go" or drive of the composite at work. The by-paths of discussion make up the rest. A chapter of good counsel for developing personality closes the book.

The level of the literature on personality is rising. No one has yet struck a key-note that penetrates deeply or inspires strongly. The common tendency in so much of the literature that seeks a wider audience, to "journalize" the reader into an effervescent interest, is wisely avoided. Style is admirable when it is natural; and doubtless much that fails to impress is needlessly dull and flavorless. But this gift of injecting personality into a survey of its components belongs to the chosen few. Its lack detracts from the total effect. There is little here that will grip; much that will stay.

Poetry

ANNUS MIRABILIS. By *John Dryden.* Oxford. $3.50.

THIS WAY OUT. By *Edward Gordon Ivins.* Avondale Press.

POETRY OF IRISH HISTORY. By *Stephen J. Brown.* Stokes. $2.50.

HAPPY ENDING. By *Louise Imogen Guiney.* Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

BEHIND THE MASK. By *Rosa Zagnon Marinoni.* New York: Henry Harrison.

Religion

HUMANIST SERMONS. By various authors. Edited by CURTIS W. REESE. Open Court Publishing Company. 1927. $2.50.

These sermons are earnest utterances by a group of pastors, mostly Unitarians, who believe that the only possible religion for intelligent people today is one which, in the words of one of them, Mr. John Haynes Holmes, has no gods, no churches, no sacraments, no Sundays, no Bibles, no prophets, no saviors. Such a religion is to be based solely upon a wistful impression that man is wholly competent to create a perfect world. "We are using powers," says Mr. Holmes, "of which the gods themselves knew nothing." With the sincerity of these men no reader will feel like quarreling; there will be a certain group which cries assent; but probably most people, like the present reviewer, will feel that the point of view is a little antiquated. It smacks of the turn of the century. It is reminiscent even of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

Nowadays many thinking people are not by any means sure that all of life may be comprehended rationally, or that man is competent of his own ability to create a perfect world, or that the study of material and social science leads to unbounded hope for the future, or that man may safely be regarded as the center of the universe. Thoughtful men and women are apt to be more humble than the preachers in this volume, who are more sure of the unlimited adequacy of science than are scientists themselves. Persons really cognizant of what is going on in modern thought will not be much impressed. Compared with the point of view expressed in such a late volume as Dr. Streeter's "Reality" that of most of these sermons seems more than a little superficial. Their authors seem not to understand modern doubt. They think it is still doubt about God; it is really doubt about man.

When these preachers say that Protestantism is dying, they are telling a truth patent to any unprejudiced observer; but, whatever may be one's opinion about the advisability of the death of Catholicism, it can hardly be maintained that that demise is imminent. Nor is it safe to wave out of count the efforts of the Modernists, as being merely soft-hearted and soft-headed attempts to dodge facts. These sermons nowhere say exactly that, but they do imply it over and over again. It is not wise to maintain that everyone who differs from any religious point of view must be either a knave or a fool. One somehow feels that these liberals are often illiberal, and that the new sort of Humanist is not invariably humane.

Science

THE SEVEN SEALS OF SCIENCE. By JOSEPH MAYER. Century. 1927. $3.50.

The author takes his title from the story in Revelations of the seven great seals binding the Book of Truth and applies the simile to the Book of Nature with its seven seals of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, geology, biology, and psychology. His aim is to present "an account of the unfoldment of orderly knowledge and its influence on human affairs." His plan is to show that the sciences did, as of necessity they had to, follow an evolutionary course in which mathematics represented the first step followed by the other sciences in the order given. This is the theme the outline of which had previously been laid out by the elder Ostwald, great scientist, philosopher, and historian of science.

It may be said at once that here we have one of the best popular accounts yet written of the great adventure of mankind in deciphering the Book of Nature through the period of recorded history. Professor Mayer's discipline in mastering the history of the main currents of scientific evolution has enabled him to transmute his own wonderment and enthusiasm into an inspiring record of the conquest of ignorance, superstition, dogma, and authority by observation, classification, and experimentation. Not a page is dry, not a paragraph is ostentatious and yet the whole is an adventurous tale well told.

ANIMAL MIND. By *Frances Pitt.* Stokes. $4.50.

THE NEW REFORMATION. By *Michael Pupin.* Scribners. $2.50.

TOWARDS HEALTH. By *J. Arthur Thomson.* Putnams. $2.

Travel

DAYS IN THE PAINTED DESERT AND SAN FRANCISCO MOUNTAINS: A GUIDE. By HAROLD S. COLTON and FRANK C. BAXTER. Flagstaff, Arizona: Coconino Sun. 1927.

Every lover of books of travel into whose hands this seventy-page guide book falls will recognize in it a rare find. Though Dr. Colton is a well-known scientist and both authors belong to the University of Pennsylvania faculty, it was prepared in vacation mood, *con amore,* and hasn't a shred of pedantry. While apparently bent on the undeviating performance of its duty as guide book, its swift pages communicate an enjoyable excitement, imparting an urge to fare forth and away over desert and mountain.

Twelve trips arranged on the mileage basis with clear direct notes of guidance and information make up the body of the book. Each trip is accompanied by a pictorial map, graphic, informing, whimsical. These charts reward study. The one "From Flagstaff to Tuba City" is rich in entertainment from the bucking train on the Santa Fe tracks at the bottom of the page to the outlined Moencopi Pueblo at the top; and from the tiny Katchina-ed figure at the right to indicate Hopi-land to the sign board at the left announcing, "Nothing here but geology." The notes are meaty and authorative. Many a juniper-cedar dispute will be quieted by "Here we enter a forest of single-seed juniper trees, called cedars." And the perennial snake dance controversy has nothing left to stand on:

> The dancers are frequently bitten but seem not to suffer any serious effects. This is because the snakes, after they are captured, are kept in the kiva and continually teased and allowed to strike. From work on the venom of the rattlesnake which was conducted some years ago at the University of Pennsylvania it was found that after a rattlesnake had struck and discharged its venom, several days were required before the poison sacks were full.

The book opens with a priceless introduction and a few compact pages of serviceable information about the geography, climate, flora, fauna, and geological, archeological, and human history of the country. It closes with an annotated list of Arizona maps and a practical bibliography.

TRAVELERS' TALES. By H. C. ADAMS. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $3.50.

It is quite certain that the present publishing season will not witness the appearance of a more delightful volume than this informative and interesting work. Originally published in 1882, according to a note, and now reissued in a durable binding, with many pleasing decorations by William Siegel, it is most appositely subtitled "A Book of Marvels."

Within this short review it is impossible to give more than the barest outline of the scope of this work. First, it is not an anthology but the retelling by one man of the most exciting adventures, the most wonderful sights, and the most marvelous phenomena of nature, embroidered and elucidated wherever possible. Rather a naïve man, one judges, the author seems "taken in" by some of the tall stories, but perhaps he had his tongue in his cheek as he penned this book in the vicarage of Old Shoreham, Sussex.

Passing over the voyages of Sinbad, the wanderings of Ulysses, the sojourn of Marco Polo at the palace of Kubla Khan, Sir

(*Continued on next page*)

The spirit of the world
Beholding the absurdity of men—
Their vaunts, their feats—let
a sardonic smile
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.
That smile was Heine!
—MATTHEW ARNOLD

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The New Books

Travel

(Continued from preceding page)

John Maundeville's account of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat is characteristic. On the top of this mountain, which is seven miles high (sic), Noah's Ark can be seen distinctly, though only one man, a monk, has ever been to the top. This monk brought back a plank from the side of the Ark, which could still be seen in the Monastery at the foot of the mountain, thus confounding all unbelievers. And the Holy Father endorsed the veracity of Sir John's book!

Other chapters, containing equal exaggerations, tell of strange birds, beasts and insects. The section devoted to plants is extremely interesting, telling as it does of the virulent Upas Tree, the Mandrake, which it was considered dangerous and sinful to gather, herbs which not only cured the sick but also brought the dead to life.

Read the book for yourself. It will afford you many engrossing hours, recalling many stories which you read at school and many you never heard of before.

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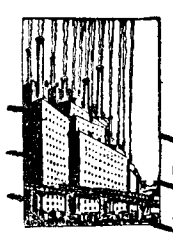

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Points of View

Our Sincere Regrets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

It is to be regretted that, when you printed in your issue of October 8 a letter from Mr. Norman Douglas under the caption "A Repudiation," you did not at the same time print a letter sent you simultaneously by us and relating to the same matter. Mr. Douglas's letter, by itself, may have given some of your readers the impression that we are publishing over his name a book he did not write; our letter conveyed the information that we had already severed any publishing connection with the book he refers to.

The Mss. for the book in question was offered us by a literary agency as a Douglas book, with the title-page "One Might Do Worse, a collection from the writings of Norman Douglas, with a preface by the author." We accepted it, announced it as a Douglas book in our catalogue and began to take orders (many, many orders!) from the booksellers. But the agency then informed us that it had subsequently discovered the collection was not the work of Norman Douglas at all. Since our catalogue was obviously guilty of a misstatement, we immediately agreed with the agent not to publish it; and we notified all the literary editors and the book trade that we had done so, that we would not fill the orders on hand, that we would not accept further orders, and that "One Might Do Worse" would not appear at all under our imprint.

GEORGE MACY,
for Macy-Macius: Publishers.

Wonders We Perform

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Credit where credit is due. In your issue of October 8th, in my review of "Kant's Philosophy of Religion" by Clement C. J. Webb, I can lay no claim to the authorship of the particularly brilliant sentence which runs "But before the end of his life he came to see that the creator of this shabby world must be an immortal intelligence rather than a God to be worshipped." What I actually wrote was: "But before the end of his life he came to see that the argument from design, if followed logically, would lead to the belief that the creator of this shabby world must be an immoral intelligence rather than a God to be worshipped." Any of your copy-readers who desires it may have the honor of the amended version.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES.
Washington, D. C.

The Frontier Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Werner, whose criticism of Mrs. Hazard's "The Frontier in American Literature" appeared in this column in an earlier issue, argues narrowly and seemingly with little thought. He emphatically denies the influence of the frontier in art and in this case, particularly literature. I think the best way for me to express my views is to take Mr. Werner's points singly and attempt to show wherein lie his fallacies.

In regard to his first contention that frontier life is hostile to art and that authors flee from frontier conditions at the first opportunity. It is true that artists do leave the frontier but certainly not because there exists no subject for their work. The reason the more cultured section of the country draws the artists is because there exists the appreciation of the work and, incidentally, the market. However, do these "refugees" (as Mr. Werner would call them) write of the place to which they come or of the place whence they came? Certainly of the latter. What is more, there exists in the frontier life an almost inexhaustible store of material for artistic endeavor. All literature is not of the drawing-room or the boulevard.

Secondly, Mr. Werner will find many others besides myself who will not agree with his estimation of the worth of Cooper and Harte particularly.

Thirdly, Mr. Werner gets slightly mixed in his frontiers. The American frontier in question is not the political frontier as such but rather the natural frontier. That is to say the jumping-off place, where culture ends and social and ethical codes of civilized sections fall behind and stern necessity comes to the fore. The frontiers of the European states are essentially political and because no changes other than those in language and popular custom, although even here we can see ample influence exerted by the contact of one people with another.

Now with the type of frontier which we had in America for so long and still have in modification, in mind, it is quite easy to see what influence it will have upon art. The pioneer people will gradually find itself and adjust itself to the peculiar surrounding conditions. When culture and native art appear, they will and do bear marks of the early struggles. This is evident in much of the literature which comes to us from the West. Even aside from art, this pioneer influence is evident. Much of the political reform comes from new sections, many of the social experiments have their birth, in our own case, in the newly settled areas.

It is not my intention to try to add anything to Mrs. Hazard's conclusions. However let me say this, the frontier will always have a dominant influence upon the institutions of a people. It acts as added fire under the kettle of human existence causing the dull mess to change its surface and bubble fiercely, bringing new ideas, new problems and perhaps some beauty to the top, all of which offer a virgin field to the artist.

JOHN L. HALLSTROM.
Philadelphia, Pa.

English Spelling

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have been behind with my reading, and did not notice till a few days ago Mr. Bird's reaction to my use of the phrase "British peculiarities of spelling." Your note to his letter settles the matter so neatly that there is perhaps no occasion for my adding anything to it, but had the spellings in question occurred in a British book, written and published by Englishmen, I should have had no comment to make. I did not consider their "natural variations" from the noun; on the contrary, they seemed to me unnatural and affected in an American book.

However, even if the word "peculiarities" be taken to mean something absurd and illogical, I am willing to go on record as believing that British English contains more of these than American English. The entire English language, in its spelling and pronunciation, is a mass of absurdities, but on the whole, except for our pronunciation of "been," we are a trifle less absurd than they in England. We have fewer proper names pronounced totally unlike the way they are spelled, and the British pronunciations of "clerk" and "lieutenant" are certainly more "peculiar" than ours.

Mr. Bird, like so many Englishmen, seems to forget that Americans inherit the English language as much as do his compatriots, and have an equal right to modify it. And why should he object to being told that he has an "English accent"? Is it because the word "accent" means, to him, an incorrect enunciation? If it does, then he should be equally careful to avoid speaking of an "American accent," for one is no more incorrect than the other. The word, to my mind, means an enunciation different from the normal one of the country. At any rate, that there is such a thing as an "English accent" is an obvious fact, and an Englishman who applies the generic term "American accent" to manners of speech as different as those of a Vermonter, an Indianan, and a Kentuckian, should have no logical difficulty in admitting it.

CLIFFORD H. BISSELL.

As a corollary to the book on English tradesmen's cards which Scribner's brought out in this country some time ago, now appears "Early American Trade Cards from the Collection of Bella C. Landauer," announced for publication by William Edwin Rudge.

A recent book from the Golden Cockerel Press "Art and Love" by Eric Gill, is a metaphysical essay by one of the most skilful of modern engravers. It is a duodecimo of twenty-six pages, printed in Caslon type, in an edition of 260 copies, thirty-five of which contain an extra set of engravings. And these engravings, on copper, in a line as sure and delicate as Flaxman's, deserve attention from all who appreciate the work of this very fine craftsman. The book is published by Douglas Cleyerdon, Bristol.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books are questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

M. A., Nahant, Mass., opening a book-shop, is "at a loss in making out a good list of poetry, except for the more obvious books."

JUST what poetry is obvious from a selling standpoint I don't know, but here are some new volumes that I would treasure were they given to me—as a matter of fact, that I do treasure.

"Ballads for Sale," the third posthumous book of verse by Amy Lowell (Houghton Mifflin), will no doubt appreciate in price as rapidly as her earlier volumes: at present the first edition is being sold at the regular price. A collection of modern verse without it would be unthinkable; nor could one leave out E. A. Robinson's narrative poem "Tristram" (Macmillan, sent out by the Literary Guild). I was thrilled to find myself so thrilled by this, my admiration for Mr. Robinson's books having grown steadily more decorous with each new arrival; but this is enough to bring anyone back. On the other hand, I had never been quite under the spell of Nathalia Crane until her present book, "The Singing Crow" (A. & C. Boni), but with this I completely capitulate. Countée Cullen's "Copper Sun" (Harpers), was to have been expected from the disquieting loveliness of "Color" (Harpers): here is an authentic artist, whose verse is moving and compelling. It draws further away from distinctly racial themes than the six vigorous negro sermons in James Weldon Johnson's "God's Trombones" (Viking)—which must not be confused with burlesque productions once popular in parlors—or the haunting saxophone cadences of Langston Hughes's "Fine Clothes to the Jew" (Knopf). The second series of "The Bookman Anthology of Verse" (Doran), runs higher in quality, taking all the poems together, than the first: each is prefaced by a brief and unconventional note about the poet, and one is likely to recover here more than one poem believed lost. I may be growing easier to please, but I also prefer the present volume of "American Verse, 1926: a Miscellany" (Harcourt, Brace), to those that have gone before; it must be well-known to poetry-lovers by this time that this collection is gathered by the poets themselves, and that these include some of the most devoted of the younger choir. Also I think the new "Oxford Poetry: 1926" (Appleton), is richer than the last. I would have Scudder Middleton's "Upper Night" (Holt), Maxwell Bodenheim's "Returning to Emotion" (Boni & Liveright), "A Book of Lyrics," by Daniel Hugh Veeder (Nelson), "Red Flag," by Lola Ridge (Viking), "Echoes of Many Moods," by Charles Kelsey Gaines (Rudge)—which is a Bruce Rogers item—"The Rhythm of Life," by Rhoda Walker Edwards (Putnam), and certainly the new one from John C. Ransom, "Two Gentlemen in Bonds" (Knopf). From the other side of the water I would be sure to get in all the little volumes by the sensation of the London day, Humbert Wolfe: his latest are "Kensington Gardens," "Lampoons," and "Requiem" (Doran): Edith Sitwell's "Rustic Elegies" (Doran), the brief and beautiful verses of the critic Gerald Gould in "Beauty the Pilgrim" (Doran), Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Saints in Sussex" (Dutton), which includes plays; and the choice made by Walter de la Mare himself in his new "Selected Poems" (Holt). On the anthology shelf I would put two complementing each other, "A Book of Modern Catholic Verse," edited by Theodore Maynard (Holt), and the longer-range "Anthology of Catholic Poets," edited by Shane Leslie (Macmillan), and among the translations the gorgeous great volume called "Lotus and Chrysanthemums" (Boni & Liveright), a collection of translations, said by experts to be unusually good, of Chinese and Japanese verse; also the two volumes of "The Complete Poems of François Villon," by Francis Carco (Knopf), somewhere near it.

The season's humorous verse led off wonderfully with A. P. Herbert's "She Shanties" (Doubleday, Page), a volume invaluable for reading aloud at tea, and was kept in motion by "Poems of Impudence" (Doubleday, Page), a vivacious report from E. V. Knox, the "Evoe" of *Punch*. The posthumous collections made from the newspaper verse of Bert Leston Taylor are continued with "Motley Measures" (Knopf), which has his priceless "Dinosaur" with two brains, one in his head, the usual place, the other in his spinal base. T. A. Daly has compiled "A Little Book of American Humorous Verse" (McKay).

But whatever you do, have a rack of the Pamphlet Poets, American and British, somewhere near the entrance to this shop. I am forever finding new uses for these inexpensive, airweight yet durable books. The latest is to take one on a twenty-mile mountain walk, as I have just taken the "Robert Bridges:" when the grade is steep and you have been a long time on the road, yet it is not advisable to stop altogether, a stanza caught off the page by a quick glance and pondered on as the landscape drops away beneath will add a certain richness to the day. Stokes publishes the English ones and Simon & Schuster the Americans, and every one is a joy.

When I told an inquirer that the only translation of Tolstoy's "War and Peace" was that by Nathan Haskell Dole published by Crowell, I reckoned without the Oxford University Press.

I SUPPOSE I might crawl out by inferring that I mean the only one-volume edition, for the one in the Oxford World Classics edition is in three of its pretty green and gold books, but as it is the policy of this department to make one inexcusable mistake at least every three months, in order to retain the affection of its readers, I admit that I did not know this World Classics translation, which is by no less a Tolstoy authority than Aylmer Maude, his official translator. And I thought I knew all about that delightful series, at that.

L. B., Bradley Lane, Maryland, has a boy of seventeen who has passed his college examinations with éclat save those involving the Æneid of Virgil and Ovid's Metamorphoses. These he regards with a paralyzing boredom; his parents believe this to be because he was first taught Latin by a bore. Can these be humanized for him, at least enough to get him into college?

HERE is a case all too frequently to be found, of a boy to whom Latin is not only dead but completely decayed, and who can see no reason for poking up the remains. There, but for the grace of certain teachers, go a great many young men and women of our day. I was never a real teacher, but I did read Ovid one summer years ago with the young son of an old friend—he was to crash in a French warplane just before the Great Offensive, but that year there were no cannon over the New Hampshire hills. We used to read in an apple-tree, convenient to supplies and conducive to informality. Remembering this, I'd like to pass on some of our spirit to this boy if I could.

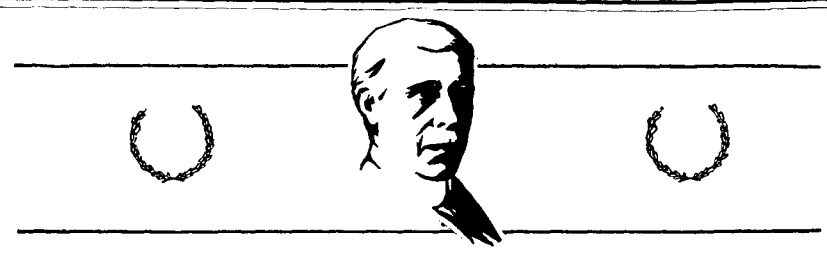
As "essays or monographs" were asked for, without waiting for expert advice I suggested "Ovid and His Influence," by Edward Kennedy Rand (Longmans, Green), and "Virgil and His Meaning to the World Today," by John William Mackail (Longmans, Green), in the series "Our Debt to Greece and Rome," which is intended in general to do for the public what this boy needs, as "The Legacy of Greece" and "The Legacy of Rome" (Oxford), do in one-volume surveys. Reports received say that these took effect.

In the meantime I applied for further information to Miss Frances E. Sabin, Director of the Service Bureau for Classical Teachers of Columbia University (Teachers College), because her "Classical Myths that Live Today" (Silver, Burdett), is in just the spirit that this inquiry is trying to awaken. The myths related in Miss Sabin's book have been for centuries the inspiration of poets and artists and still inspire them: the book continually illustrates this with examples of their present use, in literary allusion, in common words, in art and decoration—such as the group over the entrance of the Grand Central Station in New York. Further study is made easy by reading references. This department once helped a normal school to work out a course something like this, using the world's mythologies, and it reported a whirlwind winter.

Miss Sabin's letter says:

You ask how to make "Virgil's Aeneid and Ovid's Metamorphoses" less dull to a boy who has failed on his examinations. Of course this is a very difficult question to answer because it involves the boy's training in previous years. My own feeling is that, generally speaking, the average pupil is interested in Latin if he has a sufficient mastery of it to know "what it is all about". In other words, we cannot expect

(*Continued on next page*)



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So the N. Y. *Times* writes of C. E. Montague. H. M. Tomlinson in the *Herald Tribune* compares Montague to Shakespeare and Swift. Dr. Canby in the *Sat. Review of Literature* says, "If I had been allowed to suggest a candidate for satirist of the Great War, my choice would have been C. E. Montague. *Right Off the Map* is a good story, exciting, splendidly conducted, and well written."

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DORAN BOOKS

To Collectors

of

RARE BOOKS - FIRST EDITIONS - FINE PRINTING

The *Saturday Review*

takes pleasure in directing your attention to a new department (on page 247 of this issue) for Bibliophiles and those who care for fine typography.

THIS new department, conducted by Carl Rollins of the Yale University Press and George Parker Winship of the Widener Library, Harvard University, is conducted and written to interest the amateur and professional collector alike.

HERE will appear news, discussions and short essays on Rare Books, First Editions, Americana, Incunabula, Bibliography, Book Sales. Review of typographical productions of modern presses and of American and foreign publishers of fine books. Book shows, The Art of Printing and making of books . . . in short, anything that interests Mr. Rollins and Mr. Winship in this field.

COUNTER ATTRACTIONS, the classified advertising section, will be enlarged to complement the new department . . . the two features making a meeting place for collectors, sellers and buyers and those interested in the physical book and the art of making it.

The Readers Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

anyone to be interested in a subject of which he knows very little, but we know, too, that many teachers lay too much stress on technical matters of syntax, and in other ways make their teachings too pedantic for the comprehension of the immature mind. There is no subject in high school which can be humanized to better advantage than Latin, and it is always a misfortune for a child to study the subject with a teacher who forgets the human side in zeal for grammatical accuracy. Both of these points can be kept in mind at the same time.

You ask for the titles of certain books. I suggest: "Helen," by Edward Lucas White (Doran); "Roads from Rome," by Mrs. Allinson: the stories entitled "The Poet's Toll," and the one about Ovid, "A Roman Citizen" (this book is published by Macmillan); "Sea Kings of Crete," by Baikie (Black & Co., London), and certain chapters in "The Conquest of Civilization," by James Breasted (Harper). If the boy has a liking for poetry, perhaps he will get something out of that very beautiful poem by William Morris, called "The Life and Death of Jason" (Everyman's: Dutton).

This Service Bureau for Classical Teachers is as far as I know the only clearing-house for teachers in any secondary subject; it gathers and sends out articles, reprints, plays, suggestions for study—anything that a teacher has found of value; these are rented or sold for a nominal sum. I found the leaflets with titles of these helps most interesting reading.

L. G. F., Pensacola, Fla., asks for books on modern Africa, for the use of a reading circle.

THE natives who figure in Hans Coudenhove's "My African Neighbors" (Little, Brown) are far from modern, but I would begin any African list with this book. The author is intimately and sympathetically acquainted with the mental processes of the wild men of Nyassaland, where he lived for years; indeed, he still avoids civilization, and a city-bound reader will gasp—whether with compassion or envy—to learn that he has never seen a radio, a Bolshevik, or a taxi. Three women have lately added vivacious books to the outfit of African travel: Isabel Anderson's "From Corsair to Riffian" (Houghton Mifflin), covering Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco; Lady Dorothy Mills's "Through Liberia" (Stokes), and Stella Court Treatt's "Cape to Cairo" (Little, Brown), in which an Englishwoman and her husband make an adventurous motor trip through Africa. "In Ashanti and Beyond," by A. W. Cardinall (Lippincott), travels through West Africa and the Gold Coast. "Oasis and Simoon," by Ferdinand Ossendowski (Dutton), covers Algeria and Tunisia: "In Barbary," by E. Alexander Powell (Century), and "An American Among the Riffi," by Vincent Sheean (Century), have special interest through recent events in this neighborhood. "Rambles in North Africa," by Albert Wilson (Little, Brown), and two recent contributions to an understanding of international politics, "Denatured Africa," by Daniel Streeter (Putnam), and "What About North Africa," by Hamish McLaurin (Scribner), have high value for such an equipment as this: the books named here do not overlap too much to be taken together. E. M. Hull, author of "The Sheik," has actually gone to the desert, as witnessed by a competent but comparatively unexciting book of experience, "Camping in the Sahara" (Dodd, Mead), with many photographs.

"By what magic," writes H. A. M. (no address), "are you able to track down answers to all questions?" and then asks me two: What is the old novel in which a striking incident of the plot is the game of Canfield?" and "How may one get another old novel, anonymous and out of print, named 'John Steele'?"

THE magic is in this case to admit that I never heard of either and turn the matter over to the sleuths that attend these columns. And while you are about it, you might see if I was right in telling *A. A. K., Lynchburg, Va.*, that there is no English or American historical novel—at least of any importance—that has Thomas à Becket for hero or leading character. He wishes one for parallel reading in a course that includes Tennyson's drama "Becket."

L. H. P., Valparaiso, Ind., asks if there is a book "giving a plain, bald statement of Emerson's philosophy."

O. W. FIRKINS, in "Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Houghton Mifflin), considers him as a prophet of a coming age, and George Edward Woodberry's "Ralph Waldo Emerson" (Macmillan) is an exposition of his thought in straightforward and sympathetic speech.

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Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Henry Seidel Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is . . (This information is required from daily publications only).

(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1927.

(Seal) Charles B. Frasca.
(My commission expires March 30, 1929).

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Rare and Fine Books

By CARL P. ROLLINS and GEORGE P. WINSHIP

THE September issue of *Harvard Library Notes* announces that it is neither a regular nor an official publication, and that it is not intended to interest anybody except those connected with that institution. It then proceeds to an obvious effort to be as interesting as possible. The offerings include bookplates by Berkeley Updike; a reproduction of the hitherto unknown earliest picture of a European building west of Pittsburgh, at Marietta, Ohio; an annotated copy of a first edition of "Paradise Lost;" "The New England Primer;" and an early sixteenth century problem raised by rival editorial claimants. The diversity of subject is masked by an apparent unity, given by the fact that these all have to do with a single collection given to Harvard in June last.

This was the library of Ernest Lewis Gay, well known a dozen years ago as an ardent and successful collector of John Gay's works. After his death, the books went into storage, and had been well-nigh forgotten by a later generation of library workers. It is a peculiarly happy chance that brings them out in Harvard's possession, at the beginning of the season which is the two hundredth anniversary of the first performance of "The Beggar's Opera."

The same publication gives some statistics which show that Harvard has had the experience of all other institutions which have attempted to solve the problem of inadequate library accommodations by putting up a new library building. The inevitable result of this is that the library outgrows its new facilities faster than ever. At Harvard, what was in 1912 a library of 489,000 volumes, counted on July 1st over 1,200,000. Heretofore, the number of books at Harvard has grown, for over two hundred years, at a fairly uniform rate of five per cent a year. This has now jumped to seven per cent, with no signs of slowing down.

These figures are for the College Library, which is what most people think of, when they speak of the Harvard Library. The University, however, like the great public city libraries with which it compares in size, has many branches, so that Harvard's total count runs to about 2,500,000 volumes. There are no exact statistics available for the growth of these other departmental libraries, most of which presumably grow more slowly than the central collection. The Law Library, however, easily holds its own in rate of increase, and the Business School Library is for the time being outstripping everything else.

SOME future Gibbon, writing of Anglo-American culture, may find an illustration of a major thesis in the reception accorded Christopher Morley's interpretation of the phrase "O Rare Ben Jonson." The discussion ran its course in the editorial and correspondence columns of the serious weekly press and the Boston *Transcript*. As this phase culminated, fresh vitality has been injected through the publication in bookish form of an illustrated edition, under the title "My One Contribution to Seventeenth Century Scholarship."

The obvious care taken with the typography of this edition inevitably heads the reader to the colophon, for further information. Here there is a hint of mystery, which is confirmed by careful rereading of the text. A study of the argument shows demonstrably that the author is an ardent, albeit secret, Baconian, and that he has chosen this medium for conveying his own secret to an expectant public.

It is hardly too much to hope that in this carefully prepared limited edition of his literary masterpiece, the real author of the writings that have been appearing under the pen-name of "Christopher Morley," has chosen to disclose his identity to those who can penetrate the cipher. This has been a well-guarded secret, the deception, as in Bacon's case, going to the extent of providing an impersonator, not without a certain ability of his own. But the real author is still to seek, in some one whose mind casts off these literary gems in the white heat of leisure moments stolen from what the world regards as more serious occupations.

THOSE who are interested in fine letter forms, not only as used in printing but in signs and posters should take note of the shop-fronts, hoarding advertisements, and placard used by the London newsagents, W. H. Smith and Son. The letter forms are a fine rendering of Roman capitals by the English engraver, Eric Gill, and are due to the initiative of Mr. St. John Hornby (proprietor of the Ashendene Press) a partner in the Smith concern. They emphasize the fact that the worst and the best in letter design comes from England!

Local, national and international exhibitions of printing follow each other in bewildering confusion. Some of our American printers already complain that it will soon be necessary to print distinct editions of fine books in order to provide enough copies for exhibition purposes! The American display at Leipsig, arranged by the American Institute of Graphic Arts and the Grolier Club, was desired in at least two other places in Europe, but the committee has declined to send it, partly because of the inevitable wear and tear.

The latest exhibition to be announced will be held at Cologne from May to October, 1928. This "International Press Exhibition," under the patronage of some thirty-five German trade organizations, will include departments devoted to daily newspapers, periodicals, books, paper, machinery, trade unions, photography, advertising, etc. In the words of the announcement: "It is to give the world an impressive picture of the educational and economic importance of the Press in all its aspects and thereby awaken and deepen the comprehension for the huge task of the Press in international life. . . . The Exhibition will reveal the individual national mind peculiar to every nation as reflected in its Press; it will also show a might, so often used for battle, in peaceful competition and in the service of understanding and equity." This last phrase is a bit obscure: we assume that it contains no veiled reference to enemy propaganda either in peace-time or war-time!

Mr. J. M. Bowles, who years ago published "*Modern Art*" in agreeable and vigorous format, deals none too gently with mechanized typographical design in the current number of *Direct Advertising*. His *bête noir* is the *Saturday Evening Post*, which, because of its enormous circulation, tends to give authority to a style of printing which has little intrinsic merit.

We have long wanted to take a crack at the poor printing in book publisher's catalogues. Christopher Morley's enthusiasm for the Oxford University Press catalogue (we hope he referred to the one printed at Oxford, not to the one issued by the American Branch, which is of no distinction) is justified by the excellent typography of that list. The best American catalogue we happen to remember was a Doubleday, Page catalogue of years ago, when the firm was new, printed by the Merrymount Press in a charming little fat format. But almost without exception publisher's lists are pretty bad. We—as well as most publishers—know why they are bad: and since we all do know, why doesn't some publisher break away from the present humdrum style, and have confidence in the direct commercial value of a well printed catalogue? We may be doing the publishers an injustice—that is to say, there may be well printed catalogues, and if there are, we shall be pleased to see them and to comment on them. Nowadays blacksmiths' automobiles and shoemakers' children go well shod.

The insatiable demand for novelty in printing is having queer results. All the great types of the past have been resurrected, either in copies or in the original—Jensen, Aldus, Blado, Garamond, Bodoni, Baskerville have vicariously contributed to present-day printing. Germany has designed new faces by the dozen to add to our stock of type faces. But now we are in for an inundation of type styles which we thought we had completely damned. Shaded and ornamented styles, the product of ignorance and eccentricity in the nineteenth century, are being revived and brought out from the oblivion of the type-foundry. The sort of thing which one sees, for instance, in the specimen book of George Bruce's Son & Co., issued in 1869, bizarre, meaningless, abortive, is now being put to use in current typography. "Type is meant to be read," but have our typographers forgotten that it also should be comely? The febrile excitement of advertisers and printers (among whom, we regret to say, may be counted some of the foremost practitioners in both fields) is producing a senseless riot of ridiculous typography.

Ninety-eight manuscripts, worth more than $50,000, containing business records and personal notes of a branch of the Medici family, which held sway in Florence, Italy, from about 1350 to 1575, have been deposited with the Harvard Business School Library by H. G. Selfridge.

The volumes are part of a collection purchased by Mr. Selfridge from the Marquis Cosimo de Medici and the Marquis Averardo de Medici through Christie's of London some years ago, after difficulties with the Italian Government, due to the fact that State documents were included, had been surmounted.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

IT astonishes us to discover that the late Superintendent of Scotland Yard was named *Francis Carlin*. The Francis Carlin we know is the Irish-American poet of an exquisite lyrical gift. Doran, however, has just published "Reminiscences of an Ex-Detective" by Francis Carlin. At first we thought that the Carlin we knew had been holding something out on us. But the frontispiece portrait was most certainly not his, and he could, as certainly, have had nothing to do with investigating a Treacle-Plaster Robbery. We began dipping into the book and have found it quite interesting. We can recommend it to all lovers of detective work. . . .

We have rather frowned on a person writing child poems over the name of "*Robin Christopher*," as we read such, from time to time, in *F. P. A.'s* column. Now a book of them, "Dimple Diggers," has been published by Elm House, New York, illustrated by *Gerta Ries*. It is an attractive small book, and the verses are good enough to stand on their own feet. But one continues to be rather worried by the idea that they would never have been written at all had it not been for the success of *A. A. Milne*. We feel quite sure of that. . . .

"Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne" is the jaunty title of a biography quite in the mode. And it is subtitled "Misadventures of an English General in the Revolution." The author, *Francis J. Hudleston*, is the librarian of the British War Office. You may remember his "Warriors in Undress." *Sylvia Townsend Warner*, who wrote "Lolly Willowes," is his niece and *Arthur Machen* his brother-in-law. It was *Shaw*, in "The Devil's Disciple," who called Burgoyne "Gentlemanly Johnny." His contemporaries called him "Handsome Jack." Lord George Germain is the villain of Mr. Hudleston's book. It is a very attractive volume and comes from Bobbs-Merrill. . . .

For several years we have admired off and on the drawings by *Art Young* entitled "Trees at Night," which have appeared sporadically in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Now they are gathered together into a most pleasing book published by Boni & Liveright. The reproductions are beautiful and the pictures of great variety. In this book Young has achieved the unique. . . .

Emil Ludwig, who wrote the "Napoleon" about which people were talking this summer on both sides of the Atlantic, is the author of two fall books of some size, namely "Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter," translated by *Eden* and *Cedar Paul*, and "Genius and Character," translated by *Kenneth Burke*. The former is published by Little, Brown, the latter by Harcourt, Brace. "Genius and Character" consists of a number of different portraits. Among them is a briefer one of *Bismarck*, and there are such varied individuals as *Henry M. Stanley*, *Cecil Rhodes*, *Wilson*, *Lenin*, *Leonardo*, and *Balzac*. . . .

Dutton is now bringing out the newest numbers of Everyman's Library in a new type of most attractive boards, red and green and blue. The most recent additions that we have received are *Samuel Butler's* "The Way of All Flesh," and "Erewhon," *W. H. Hudson's* "The Purple Land," *Stevenson's* "An Inland Voyage and Travels with a Donkey," and *Gissing's* "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft." . . .

We are glad to note a new volume of poems from the pen of *John Hall Wheelock*. It is called "The Bright Doom." Wheelock is one of our finest lyrists and his reputation has been steadily growing. When we say "lyrist" we do not use the word idly. Wheelock's poetry *sings*. He is master of beautifully supple and varied rhythms. The opening poem, "Noon: 'Amagansett Beach," achieves a superb organ-like effect. We have lain on those dunes and watched that sea, and Wheelock's intense love of the lonely scene transported us to them again. There is a lifting passion in all his poetry. It is full of intensity. It is the genuine *cri de coeur*, with never a bathetic or maudlin touch. It is spiritual poetry in the nicest sense of the word. . . .

The S. R. of L.'s own *May Lamberton Becker* has up her sleeve an unusually interesting series of lectures, "Studies in Contemporary Literature." Some of the titles we have been attracted by are "Other People's Lives: A Review of Recent Biographies," "The Surprising Sitwells," "The Art of Mystery-Making: An Analysis of the Detective Story of Today," and "The Bond of Poetry." Mrs. Becker will suggest reading lists on any of these subjects and a number of others through her department, "The Reader's Guide." . . .

With "Trader Horn" earning more than $2,000 a week in royalties, *Alfred Aloysius Horn* himself has been spending the African season at ease in Durban-by-the-sea. Only a few months ago he was an itinerant weather-beaten old peddler of aluminum ware living in a poor lodging house. Horn is looking forward to the publication of two more volumes of his reminiscences, for *Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis*, compiler of the present one, has used only a small part of the material "doled out" to her by A. A. H. . . .

On the fourth of November Doubleday will publish "The Winged Horse," by *Joseph Auslander* and *Frank Ernest Hill*, both notable American poets of the day. This is the story of the world's great poets, their lives and times, their poetry and their influence. The book incorporates new and original poetic translations by the authors from *Homer*, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Sappho*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Beowulf*, *Chaucer*, *Dante*, *and Petrarch*. *Paul Honoré* has decorated the book in color. . . .

Rachel and *Elizabeth Lindsay* announce the birth of their second son, *Nicholas*. . . .

Charles Macomb Flandrau's "Viva Mexico" has now been barred from the mails in Mexico by the Mexican Government. The charge is that the book "defames our country." "Viva Mexico" has long been known as one of the most illuminating and delightful of Mexican travel books. It has sold steadily for years in the regular two dollar edition and Appleton have recently added it to their new dollar library. . . .

Shortly before her tragic death in France, "The Autobiography of *Isadora Duncan*" was completed. The book will soon be on the market. It is a sensational document. It is said to make the Journal of *Marie Bashkirtseff* seem merely psychological. Miss Duncan avoided the trivial and compressed much incident into relatively small space. There are many strange romances. Miss Duncan is revealed as a woman of beautiful understanding and fine appreciation, as is natural. The book will be a volume of some three hundred and fifty pages, fully illustrated. . . .

"Mother India," by *Katharine Mayo*, has been much talked about in England, and we ourselves have encountered much converse concerning it in our own city rounds. We read a good deal of it and were "fair took aback." It sounds like the unvarnished truth. It sets England in a better light in its administration of India. Native conditions are rather appalling. We know practically nothing about India except what we read; but Miss Mayo's book seems to us full of accurate observation and documentation. . . .

Duffield announces a new novel by *Pierre Coalfleet* to be called "Meanwhile" and states that, though the title is identical with that of *H. G. Wells's* latest novel, the Coalfleet "Meanwhile" not only had been written but was already in type when the announcement of the Wells book was first made. The fact that the same title had been chosen by two authors unknown to each other was entirely coincidence. . . .

Florence Doty of Montpelier, Vermont, has favored us with the following:

CHILDHOOD AND AGE

Gamma, what are vose fings fying
All wound and wound?
Pitty, gamma, hear them kying,
Falling on the ground.

Let's go play wiv em, my gamma,
Dey smell affy good.
See the ittle skwiwles ike em,
Hoppin through the wood.

Come and wun in em, my gamma,
All dat pitty wed.
Don't you ike em, too, my gamma
Why den are you sad?

Good night!

THE PHŒNICIAN.

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